The Beaver

AUTUMN 1975

"Henry Kelsey came down with a good fleet of Indians; and hath travelled and endeavoured to keep the Peace among them according to my Order."

Governor George Geyer, York Fort, wrote this in 1692 of Company explorer Henry Kelsey, renowned for his expeditions to the prairie country. He was the first man of his time in Western Canada to master the difficult but essential technique of living and travelling like an Indian, to work seriously on the native languages and, most important of all, to act as a peacemaker between the various tribes.

Great men—past and present—build a great Company.

Hudson's Bay Company

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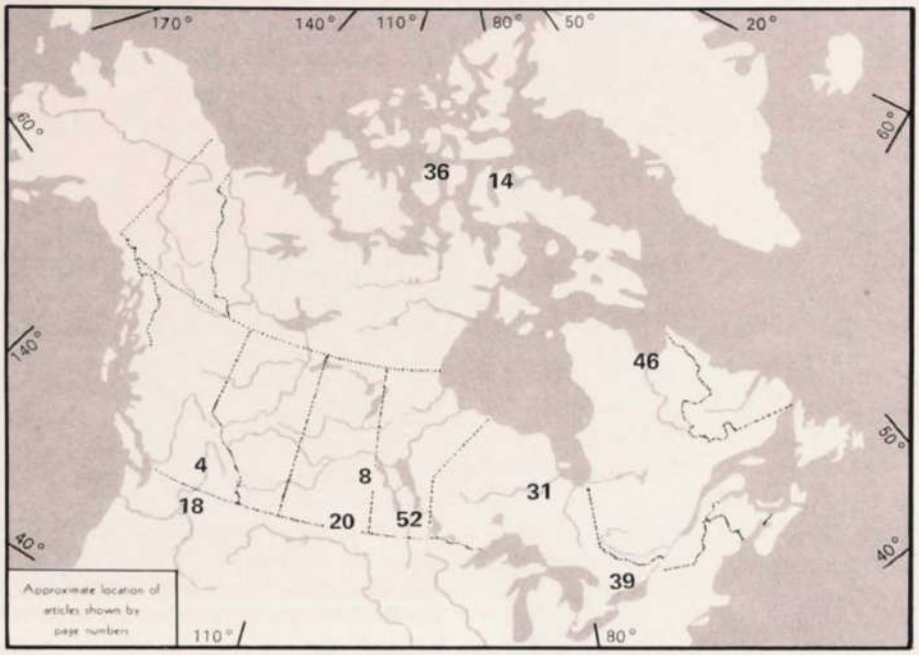

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COVER: 'In this painting the group on the station platform are heading for the established Jewish farm colony at Sonnenfeld, Saskatchewan. They are somewhat dazed by the emptiness of the new land as they wait for an established family to come for them with horse-drawn wagons. I have put the lady in front by herself not because she is asocial as some may think, but to bring her closer to viewers who would then see the 'shiffs-cart' – the passport to freedom and economic opportunity in Canada – that she is clinging to.' W.K.

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CHARLES JOHN COLLINGS

'The Recluse of the Rockies'

BY MARIA TIPPETT

Cultural historian Maria Tippett is co-author, with Douglas Cole, of 'Embracing a Wraith: Changing Perceptions of British Columbia's Landscape'.

Family photographs are published with permission of Guy Collings.

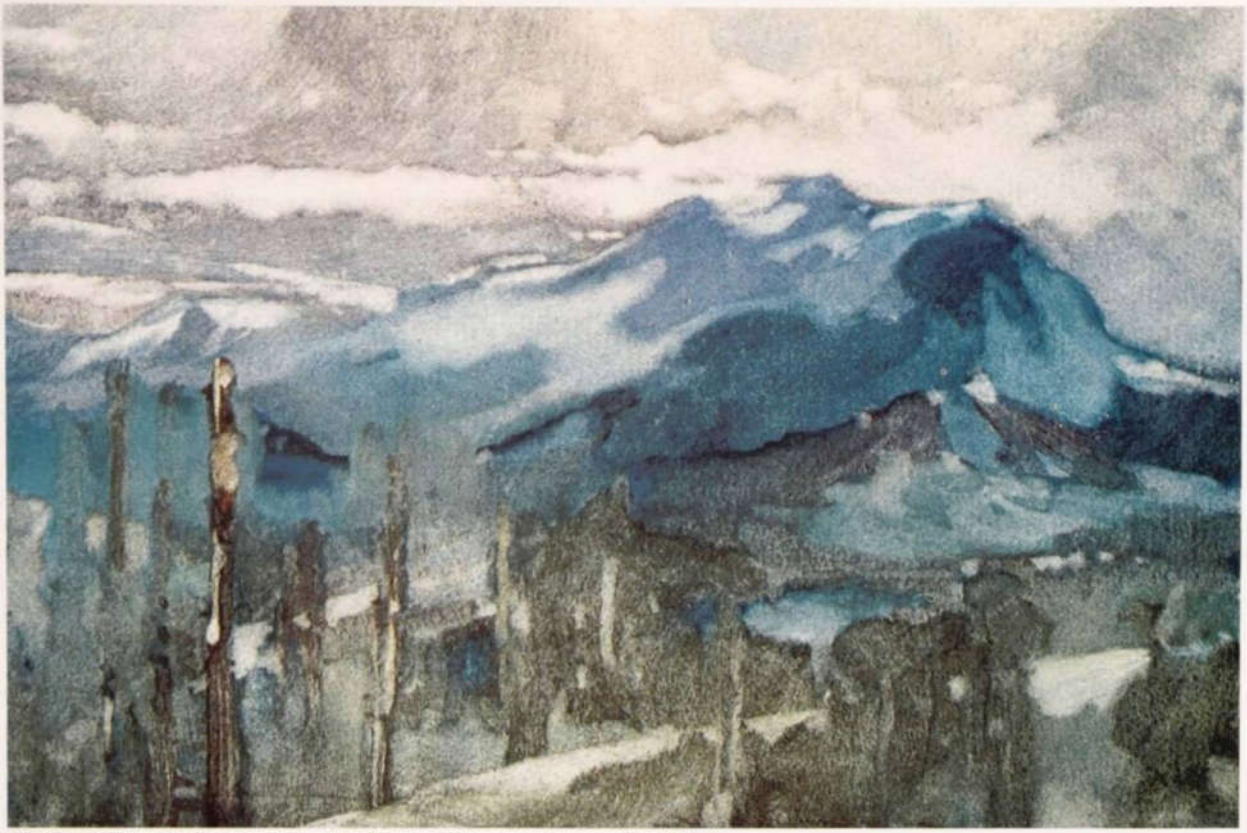
Charles John Collings at Lake Shuswap.

'A MILD SENSATION' *The Mail and Empire* (Toronto) reported in 1924, was caused in London art circles by the water-colour paintings of the Canadian Rockies by Charles John Collings. The 'wide spaces and the dramatic aspects of Nature in British Columbia' had 'played a part in creating the serenity of his vision.'

Collings had moved to Canada from London, England, in 1910. For the greater part of his life painting had been a mere hobby. He had spent twenty laborious years copying documents in a solicitor's office, ten more 'in various projects' in his native Devon. In 1895 he moved to London and received his only formal art instruction from animal painter, N. H. J. Baird. Collings now devoted more time to painting. However, he remained at Kensington's Stratford Studios only a few years, shifting from Deal, to Sandwich, to Harden Eastry and finally to Studdale. Though he had won praise for his contributions to the Royal Academy exhibitions from the early 1890s, he could not derive a substantial amount from the sale of his work. To supplement the small income earned from his art classes, he sold insurance. His first one-man show at the London Dowdeswell Galleries in 1903 was a success. His work was unanimously compared to Joseph Mallord William Turner's. Though flattering, the comparison was not welcomed by Collings, who wanted to be judged not as a protégé of this or that master, but according to his own merit. His annoyance was such, that apart from one-man shows, he refused to submit his work to any exhibitions whatsoever.

Luscombe Carroll has suggested that Collings's decision to move to Canada in 1910 was prompted by the critics' reaction to his 1903 exhibition. His son Guy claims, however, that his father's decision was 'partly because he wanted a change of scenery.' He had heard from an artist friend that Canada was exciting, and looked upon it as a place to retire. Through the courtesy of Walter James, later Lord Northbourne, he held a London exhibition; the proceeds paid the transportation to Kelowna, British Columbia, for his wife, Melora, and two sons, Guy and Carl.

Collings had grown apples on his Kent estate; he thought Kelowna would be the ideal place to settle. The boys, now in their late teens, could maintain the orchard while he devoted full time to painting. But



'The Bow Valley', undated water-colour from a private Vancouver collection.

'Nearing the Glacier', undated water-colour, published by courtesy of the Maltwood Museum, Victoria.

The first winter at Lake Shuswap, 1910. From the left, Charles John Collings, Carl, Melora and Guy Collings, and art dealer Luscombe Carroll.

the 'sparsely wooded hills' around Kelowna 'did not appeal to a man making his living with his brush so he returned to Sicamous.' This remote Seymour Arm community on the north-eastern arm of Shuswap Lake where Collings chose to settle, had blossomed in 1864 when it served as a Hudson's Bay Company post for miners on their way to the Big Bear gold country. In 1910, it offered only a store 'stocked for convenience of settlers', a school, a hotel and a post office – and hope that the area would soon be a fruit-producing centre of Canada. Neither the remoteness of the Seymour Arm community nor the hardship of living in a log cabin during the winter, dampened the enthusiasm of the Collings family. By early spring the boys had begun building, to their father's design, the main structure of what was later to be an English manor house complemented by formal gardens and a lawn tennis court.

Any potential that the community had as a fruit-producing centre diminished when the First World War decimated the small population, and a severe black frost in 1916 killed a good portion of the young fruit trees. Though the war and frost had depleted the community, forcing the small cannery set up by the Collings boys to close, it had little effect on Charles John. He was in British Columbia to paint, and the presence of the Rockies and the Selkirks offered a challenge to his brush.

Unlike many of his contemporary Rocky Mountain painters, Collings was not dependent on portraying a spectacular view. Rather he often chose to render a landscape detail: a single pine tree or the gentle twist of a glacier. To such insignificant facts of the landscape he brought a sense of space and height. Seldom did he allow a rigid perspective to weigh the painting down. Even when he chose a wider view, equal attention was given to the foreground, middle, and background. Collings's approach to the landscape was not unlike Tom Thomson's, observed Walter J. Phillips, the noted woodcut artist. 'Chiaroscuro and form did not concern them much, but colour-pattern did and constituted in each instance the main streams of expression.' Both artists showed that there was 'much behind and beyond the ordinary vision, not expressed by abstractions, but by colour and form related to nature.'

It is remarkable that an artist schooled in the English landscape tradition could so fully capture the subtlety of a landscape foreign to his eyes. 'His wild surroundings' wrote Phillips 'helped to determine his final method of expression.' Another claimed that 'such an experience and long sojourn far from the restless confusion' had given him 'an Olympian detachment'. Collings was 'a type intent upon a certain manner of living and way of working' and required an 'environment that would give free rein to his creative impulse.' But even though his hermitic existence provided an unbroken contact with nature, and he emerged from his Shuswap hide-a-way 'more for the purpose of marketing his work than for re-establishing contacts in art', he experienced an initial struggle to perceive the landscape. Guy Collings recalled that it was a long time before his father 'got the feeling of painting conifers.' There was for Collings, no doubt, that period of contemplation which artist Thomas Fripp felt so necessary before one could begin to grasp the essentials of the western Canadian landscape.

Charles John Collings cultivated his unique style by blending English and Japanese water-colour traditions. His love for pure colour echoed back to Hiroshige, and his vision to Turner – though his sense of the poetic far outweighed Hiroshige's and his colour range was infinitely greater than Turner's. This strange combination enabled Collings to imbue the landscape with a mystical force – to penetrate 'beyond the superficial effects and details of Nature' and give his work, as one critic put it, a 'spirituality'.

The unique quality of Collings's water-colours rests partly in his method. He spent the day sketching *en plein aire*, annotating in great detail on the front and reverse sides of his sketches, the atmospheric effects, colour hues, and textures of his subject. Back in his studio, with the sketch before him, he took a sheet of hot-pressed paper which had been soaked in

water for a day or two, and laid it on cork or glass to preserve the moisture. Taking a very thick but soft sable brush, he applied pure pigments to the moist paper. Where the masses of colour met, they combined forms and hues of great beauty. There was never any mixing of colours beforehand, nor was there any dry brush painting afterwards. Higher tones were achieved by lifting the pigment from the paper. This method, fortuitous if handled by any other artist, enabled Collings to capture the decorative rhythm of the landscape.

It is surprising that Collings's wet-paper technique appeared in the work of several British Columbian artists, notably in that of the Victoria architect Samuel Maclure. Collings was known to be 'very jealous of his methods, refusing to divulge how he got his peculiar effects' and rarely did he exhibit with the art societies of the province. Had he entered those circles it is unlikely that many would have appreciated his vision. When one of his paintings was submitted from a private collection for inclusion in a 1912 Island Arts and Crafts Exhibition in Victoria, it was only noted by the reviewer because 'I should be failing in my duty if I did not mention it, but I leave my readers to judge of it for themselves.' Indeed had Luscombe Carroll of the Carroll Gallery in London, England not visited Collings in 1910 and admired 'the extraordinary beauty of the colour harmonies inspired by his Canadian surroundings' Collings's Canadian work may never have come to light. Carroll gave Collings four London exhibitions: 'The Canadian Rockies' in 1912; 'Interpreting the Canadian Rockies' and 'British Columbia Under Snow' in 1924; and 'Canadian Watercolours' in 1930. Collings sold his work in Montreal, Chicago, and New York as well as British Columbia, though many of the province's collectors procured their works in London.

By 1920 the Collings family 'all thought that they had enough of it' and moved back to Dartmoor, England. However the eldest son, Carl, found the damp English climate inimical to his health and they soon returned to their Shuswap home. Collings was now to make even greater sketching trips to Whitehorse, Nipigon, and Niagara. Walter J. Phillips saw Collings in his eighties, shortly before his death, and described him as 'on his way to Banff to get some snow studies, virile and eager as a youth. He was smoking a brand of tobacco far too strong for my taste, and spoke of teaching the hotel chef how to make Welsh rarebit, which he liked to eat before retiring.'

Thomas Fripp had been Collings's only rival among British Columbia's mountains until the late 1920s when a group of artists including F. H. Varley, W. P. Weston, and Emily Carr emerged to challenge their perception. While Collings painted the unessential facts of the landscape, the modern vanguard painted only the essentials. While Collings revealed the subtleties, the moderns exaggerated the obvious. Collings worked almost exclusively in water-colour; the moderns worked almost exclusively in oil. It was an incredible juxtaposition of styles which prevailed in the province from the mid 1920s until Collings's death in 1931. Though the moderns' perception of the landscape was to eventually predominate, Collings did not sway. He 'was too independent a soul to defer in any way to constituted authority in art whatever it might be' and remained true to his vision.

The Collings home on a remote arm of Lake Shuswap.

Collings has been called 'in some respects the finest colorist who ever worked in Canada.' But the National Gallery of Canada has only one example of his work, and institutions in British Columbia (excluding the Fyfe-Smith Collection at the University of British Columbia) have only recently become aware of his work. Even Dennis Reid's recent *Concise History of Canadian Painting* omits the artist from his survey. While this paucity of recognition may be advantageous to the small group of collectors eager to procure his work for a modest sum, it has prohibited British Columbians and Canadians from enjoying the work of the 'Recluse of the Rockies'. ◆

SMALLPOX

The Epidemic of 1837-38

by Arthur J. Ray

Author of 'Indians in the Fur Trade', Arthur Ray is Associate Professor of Geography at York University. *He gratefully acknowledges the assistance of C. A. Godfrey, M.D., in the preparation of this article.*

Quotations from the H B C Archives are made with permission of the Company.

EARLY IN THE SUMMER OF 1837 the American Fur Company dispatched the steamboat *St Peter* from St Louis to its post of Fort Union with the annual outfit of trade goods. By the time the steamboat reached the Blacksnake Hills, only sixty miles upstream from the city of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, a deckhand had became ill with smallpox. This was the first ominous sign of the virulent epidemic that was to sweep the northern plains that summer and the following winter.

As the *St Peter* proceeded upstream, Jacob Halsey who was to take command of Fort Union contracted the disease. Apparently he was the only passenger still suffering from it when the steamboat reach its destination.

In an effort to protect the company men and Indians who were at the post, an inoculation program was begun immediately. Smallpox virus was taken from Halsey and administered to all who were willing to receive it.

Until the early nineteenth century, inoculation was the accepted preventative measure against this dread disease. As a medical procedure it was effective in that it served to reduce substantially the mortality rate in the

Fort McKenzie, 28 August 1833. A painting by Karl Bodmer of an Assiniboine-Cree attack on a Piegan camp outside the walls. Here, four years later, some 500 lodges of Piegan and Blackfoot Indians were hit by smallpox.

NORTHERN NATURAL GAS COMPANY COLLECTION, JOSLYN ART MUSEUM, OMAHA.

inoculated population. However, because a live virus was used, the side effects could not be controlled and the recipients ran considerable risk of developing a moderately severe case of smallpox. More important from the perspective of disease control, those who were inoculated became carriers of the disease. Thus, one of the great drawbacks of any inoculation program was that it could serve to spread the contagion.

Unfortunately, the inoculation campaign at Fort Union had this effect and the epidemic spread rapidly. Nearly everyone at the post contracted the disease, including the well-known American trader Edwin T. Denig.

To check further spread of the contagion, the Americans tried to quarantine the area by closing the gates of the post and sending men out to warn incoming Indian trading parties to stay away. These precautions failed. The Indians, intent on trade, ignored the warnings and a party of over 1,000 men, women, and children proceeded to Fort Union. Nearly all of them became sick and only 150 survived.

By the end of June, the epidemic was out of control in the Fort Union area.

Meanwhile, a longboat loaded with supplies had been sent from Fort Union to Fort McKenzie on the Marias River in the upper Missouri River region. During the voyage smallpox erupted among the boat crew. Alexander Harvey, in charge of the longboat, sent word to Alexander Culbertson, commander of Fort McKenzie, cautioning him of the disease. Harvey attempted to quarantine the boat and its crew near the Judith River. Once again a quarantine could not be maintained. Some 500 lodges of Blackfoot and Piegan (perhaps as many as 5,500 people) were camped near Fort McKenzie and were eager to trade. In spite of Culbertson's warnings, the Indians insisted that Harvey continue his journey. Trade began as soon as the boat arrived, and shortly thereafter the Blood and Piegan began to fall victim to the epidemic.

In this way smallpox quickly spread throughout the Missouri River valley in the summer of 1837. It was carried northward into Hudson's Bay Company territory by Assiniboine, Cree, Blood, Blackfoot and Piegan who fled north in the misguided belief that they could run away from the contagion. Their flight served only to hasten the spread of the dread disease.

William Todd who was chief factor of the Swan River district appears to have been one of the first of the Hudson's Bay Company traders to learn of the epidemic and to take measures to protect the health of his men and the local Indians.

Todd was an experienced physician in his early fifties. He began his service with the Company in 1816 when he was engaged as a surgeon and posted to Cumberland House. He served in that capacity in the York Factory, Columbia, Athabasca and Upper Red River Districts and at the Red River Colony, before being assigned to the

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES.

Four Bears, Second Chief of the Mandans, who died in the smallpox epidemic that decimated his people and spread north in the summer of 1837. From a painting by Karl Bodmer, April 1834.

Swan River district in 1834. By that time he had acquired a considerable reputation as a surgeon among the Indians, especially the Chipewyan.

Todd obtained his first fragmentary account of the smallpox outbreak from a band of Qu'Appelle River Cree who visited his headquarters at Fort Pelly on the 20th of September. The Cree were unable to identify the disorder positively, but informed Todd that 'bad disease has got into the American Fort in Consequence of which their gates are kept constantly Shut and no Indian Allowed to enter.'

Subsequent reports from Indian sources were conflicting. A month later, on the 18th of October, Todd wrote: 'an Indian arrived from the plains for Tobacco for a Band of Crees and Assiniboins that are coming in with provisions he contradicts the report of any bad disease being at the American Fort but that they shut their gates against the Assiniboins in consequence of having a Band Blackfeet in the Fort at the time.' Nine days later, an Assiniboine arrived at the fort and said that a disease similar to smallpox had killed eighteen people in his camp. Todd noted in his journal that 'this news is truly Alarming and tends to confirm the hitherto contradictory reports . . . of that fatal Malady.' On 6 November William McKay sent word to Todd from Beaver Creek, informing him that the disease spreading among the Assiniboine was not smallpox – he could not

determine what it was. As late as the 28th of November, Todd complained that the reports of the prevailing epidemic were 'still vague and contradictory.'

Final confirmation of the smallpox epidemic did not come until 20 December 1837, exactly three months after Todd had heard his first report of the disease, and nearly six months after it had broken out at Fort Union. On the twentieth two men arrived from Carlton House bearing the news that smallpox was general all over Saskatchewan and had erupted in the Carlton House area in October.

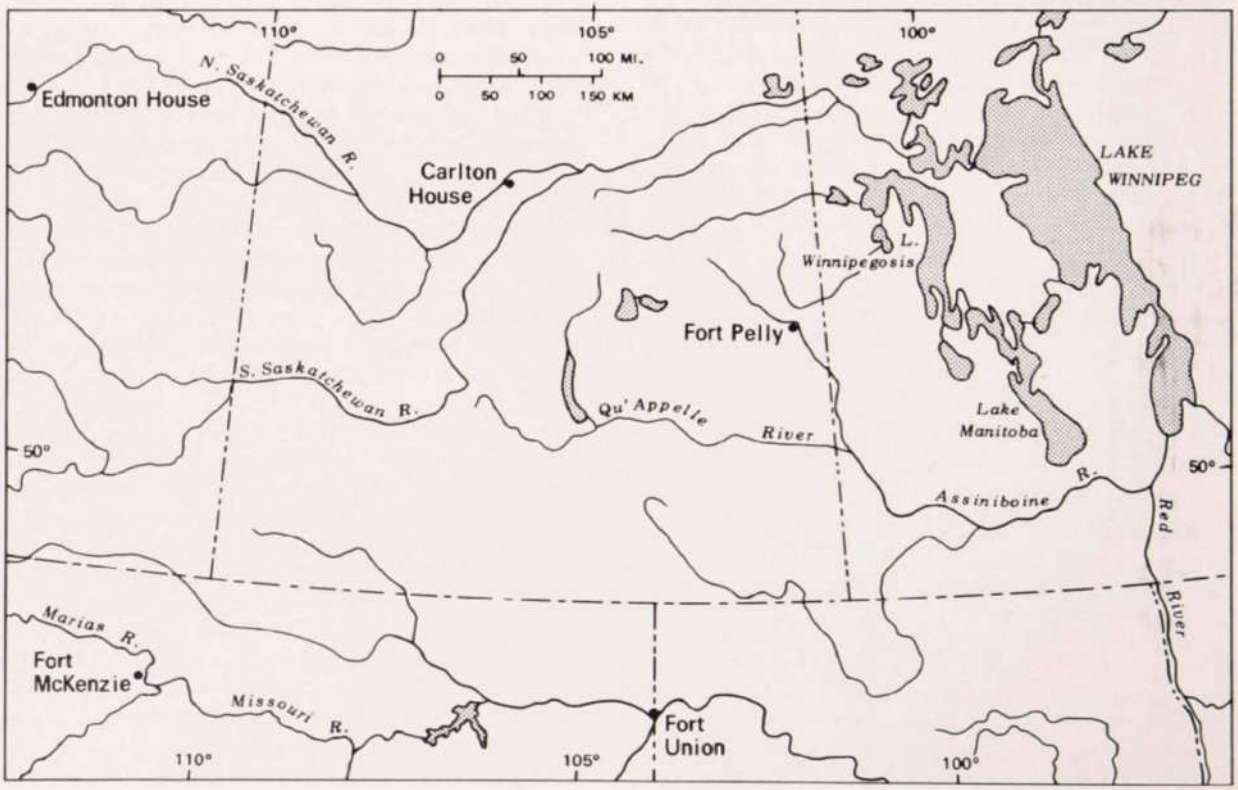
On the 23rd of December the two Carlton House men were prepared to begin their return trip from Fort Pelly when one of them, a Métis named Piere Le Rocque, became ill. Todd relates: 'as I fear it is the Small Pox [I] had him removed to a separate house with his companion for an attendant who had the disease in the early part of the winter.' Le Rocque continued to run a high fever the next day. Christmas Day Todd wrote: 'my fears are now fully confirmed respecting the Carlton Man. Eruption, altho indistinct are today perceptible with a slight remission of fever.' On 5 January 1838, Todd noted in his journal: 'I am concerned to state that Piere Le Rocque the Carlton Man died last night of the confluent Small Pox [.] from the commencement the symptoms continued so unfavourable, that I had little hopes of his recovery.'

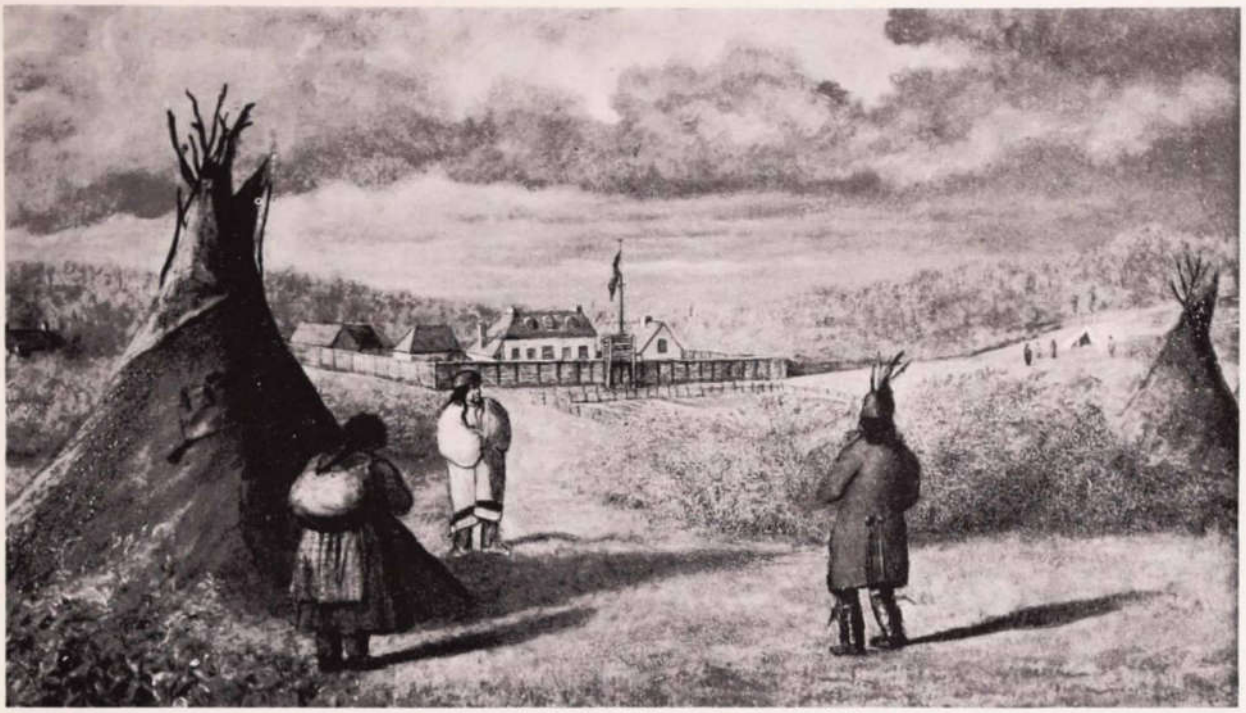
Although three months had elapsed between the initial Cree reports of a spreading epidemic and this first-hand verification of its identity as smallpox, Todd had not waited for a positive diagnosis before taking preventive measures. From the outset he had assumed that the contagion was smallpox, given the high mortality rates that were being reported.

Indeed, the day after he received his first account of a disease outbreak at Fort Union, Todd assembled all of the Indians in the vicinity of Fort Pelly and

> entered in a full explanation with them respecting the reports brought yesterday of the disease at the American establishment which I pointed out to them was likely to be the Small Pox, and the danger they incurred if it once got among them [.] [I] proposed Vaccination as the only preventitive to this [.] they at once agreed and I immediately commenced and vaccinated Sixty persons including Men Women and Children.

Vaccination was a relatively new preventative technique. In the late 1790s the English doctor Edward Jenner demonstrated that injections of cowpox virus served to immunize humans against smallpox. The advantage of the Jennerian vaccine was that the cowpox virus used was less virulent than live smallpox virus. Consequently, vaccination afforded immunity without subjecting the recipient to the risk of a generalized case of smallpox. Also, vaccinated persons did not act as carriers of the disease.





Fort Pelly as it was in the 1870s. From a painting by F. Lynn.

Fortunately for the Indians of Rupert's Land, the Hudson's Bay Company directors had previously sent cowpox vaccine to the posts in Canada and ordered the factors to use it in the interests of humanity and business. To the distress of all concerned, few of the traders had followed these orders by the time the epidemic broke out. But, in the case of Fort Pelly, the action of the directors meant that vaccine was on hand enabling Todd to launch what appears to have been the first extensive vaccination program among the Indians of western Canada. Throughout the autumn and winter Todd vaccinated all of the Indians who visited his post, with the exception of a very few Cree and Assiniboine who refused treatment.

Besides attempting to protect the Indians who visited Fort Pelly, Todd made every effort to reach those in his district who did not come to the fort that autumn. On the 28th of October he sent vaccine and instructions as to how it should be administered to William McKay who was stationed at Beaver Creek. Todd ordered McKay to use it immediately even though the cause of the sickness among the Indians was still unknown. McKay complied with the order and had vaccinated all of the Indians in the vicinity of his post by the end of November. Similar vaccination programs were carried on at other outposts.

In addition to having Company employees administer the vaccine, Todd also taught the procedure to the Indians. He began his instruction with the first group of Indians who were vaccinated on the 21st of September. When this band was preparing to leave Fort Pelly on the 25th of September, Todd recorded that he

> fitted out the Indians and sent them off to the Strong Wood with particular instructions for them in case the reported Sickness should turn out to be the Small Pox. I likewise gave them a lassuch [lancet] and took great pains in instructing them how to use it in vaccinating others . . .

The Indians apparently learned the technique well and played an important role in bringing the epidemic in check. On the 8th of December Todd reported that 'Chocah Chief of the Qu'Appelle Crees arrived to get vaccinated [.] he had already undergone the operation but without the desired effect'. Two days later Todd continued:

> Chocah and the few that accompanied him took their departure, this is a very sensible Strong Indian whom I have long known [.] I have given him every instructions how to proceed with the rest of the Indians to which he paid the most marked attention. When vaccinating him he pointed out the error of the person that vaccinated himself. I have subsequently learned he was most industrious and successful with the other Indians . . .

By mid-winter the disease was rampant in the grasslands and had reached as far to the northwest as Fort Edmonton. The death toll among the unvaccinated Indians was staggering. Those traders who lacked Todd's medical training and vaccine felt helpless and feared for their own safety. On 28 December 1837, John Rowand, the son of a physician, wrote to Governor George Simpson from Edmonton House telling him that:

> our principal Chiefs . . . informed me that more than half of all the slave tribes are no more [.] When I mention the slave tribes

you must understand it includes five different tribes all the Blackfeet, Blood Indians, Piegan, Circees and Fall Indians or Gros Ventres . . . their statement is very alarming indeed it cannot be more [.] to hear it at a long distance it may not perhaps be so striking [to you] but to us in this Country we poor Indian traders exposed and situated as we are all without any Medical assistance or anything else for the good of our Souls or Body it is most distressing and to have to witness so much misery without being able to do any good it is the more painful.

Whereas Rowand appears to have lacked vaccine at Edmonton House, the vaccine that William Small used at Carlton House, seems to have been dormant. This was a cause of great consternation. In his December 28th letter to Simpson, Rowand stated that he had received a letter from Small on the 29th of November informing him:

small pox was at that time raging with alarming appearance even at the establishment, one of his men [Piere Le Rocque] a half breed had died of it [at Fort Pelly] and several of the mens families, with another of his men named Charles Ducharsne half breed were all ill very badly with it . . . all those people as well as the poor man who died got the Cow Pox long before, this is very discouraging to them . . .

While the letters of Rowand, Small, and other Company traders convey a sense of fear, Todd's dispatches and journal entries, although expressing concern about the welfare of his men and the Indians, exhibit a certain clinical detachment and interest in the epidemic. He was particularly attentive to the effectiveness of his counter measures.

Todd's interest in the efficacy of vaccinations can be understood if we consider the period in which he learned and practiced medicine. No information is available regarding his education, but taking into account the fact that he was born about 1784 and entered the Company's service in 1816, Todd probably received his medical training in the early years of the 19th century. This was the time when the Jennerian vaccine was being introduced on a large scale for the first time.

This innovation was not readily received in all quarters, however, and some doctors and scientists continued to question the reliability of the cowpox vaccine even as the weight of evidence mounted in its favour.

To a large degree, this protracted debate was a reflection of the state of medical knowledge at the time. The causes of diseases and the process of immunization was poorly understood in the early nineteenth century. It was Louis Pasteur's work in microbiology in the latter half of the century that substantiated and popularized the germ theory of contagious diseases. And, it was his study of chicken cholera, anthrax, and rabies in the 1870s and 1880s that showed how immunity was produced, giving birth to the science of immunology. Until that time, it was unclear how or why Jenner's cowpox vaccine worked.

Thus, while Todd studied medicine the debate over the relative merits of vaccination and inoculation would have been at their height. By the 1830s, the cowpox vaccine was in general use in many parts of Europe and eastern North America but the controversy had not yet ceased entirely.

The smallpox epidemic of 1837-38 provided Todd with what was probably his first opportunity to observe first hand the effectiveness of a vaccination program.

Judging from his journal, it is clear that Todd was already convinced that the vaccine would work. Once the disease was confirmed at Christmas, he redoubled his efforts to immunize as many Indians as possible. He began to make notes about the progress of the smallpox epidemic among bands who refused or were unable to obtain vaccinations, and contrasted their experiences with Company men and Indian groups who had received his treatment.

On the 25th of January Todd wrote:

. . . two men arrived from Beaver Creek [.] by Mr. McKays letter the Mortality among the plain tribes from the Small Pox has

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

'La Vaccine aux prises avec la Faculté.' A 19th-century, coloured etching of the French school, depicting the struggle to have the cowpox vaccine accepted by the Doctors.

A medicine chest used by H B C's Dr J. S. Helmcken who arrived at Fort Victoria in 1850. The chest complete with original bottled medicines and instruments remains in the Helmcken home, now a provincial museum.

been very great but principally confined to the Assiniboins who keep to the Southerd and in general Traded with the Americans [.] about 200 Tents have traded this year at Beaver Creek got Vaccinated and have so far escaped, and these are nearly all that remain of that once Numerous tribe [.] I regret also to observe that a Small Band of our best Crees were attacked and [the] greatest part of the grown people carried off. These unfortunately had not been in after McKay received my instructions to commence Vaccination – one however had been at the House got vaccinated and was instructed how to proceed with the others when he got to the camp, he says he vaccinated his own family and about 20 of his connexions but the others refused and even laughed at him [.] he says himself and relations attended the others regularly during the whole time of their illness and that not one of them caught the Small Pox [.] if proofs were required of the efficacy of Vaccination this is a pretty Strong one . . .

Since it was clear that Todd's vaccine was effective, unlike the supplies at Carlton House which were apparently dormant, he was called upon to supply other threatened districts. On the 8th of January Todd sent fresh vaccine to Rowand at Edmonton House and to Roderick Mackenzie, Sr at Ile à la Crosse. Vaccine matter was also forwarded to Small at Carlton House so that he could re-vaccinate his people and the local Indians. To make sure that Small's program would be effective this time, Todd sent along one of his men to teach Small the proper vaccination procedure.

Thanks to the efforts of Todd and other Hudson's Bay Company traders, the further spread of the disease was checked by late winter and the Woodland Indians were spared from its ravages. In the plains area, the Indians suffered terrible losses and up to three-quarters of the populations of some groups perished.

In the spring the survivors began to drift into Fort Pelly for their spring trade. Nearly all of these Indians had been vaccinated by Todd or his men. Concerning these encounters he wrote:

it is however gratifying to learn that none of them caught the disease, I have of course had many complementary Speeches delivered on the Occasion, to which I have no doubt I am fully entitled from the great pains I took with them last fall . . .

Although his success brought him a great deal of well-earned satisfaction, it also proved to be the source of some embarrassment. In his efforts to persuade the Indians to submit to vaccination in the preceding autumn, he had told them that all who refused would perish before spring. His prognosis proved to be correct, and as Todd, a man of science, wrote in his journal:

having then predicted what . . . was likely to take place, the Indians now think I can dive into futurity and have in consequence put questions rather difficult to solve not being an astrologer . . . ◆

Comments On Carving Soapstone

By Atoat and Pauloosie Akitirq

As told to Rhoda Innuksuk and translated by Maudie Qitsualik.
Editor, Susan Cowan.

An extract from the book 'Arctic Bay' soon to be published by Canadian Arctic Producers.

SUSAN COWAN

Atoat and her daughter Tamareesee.

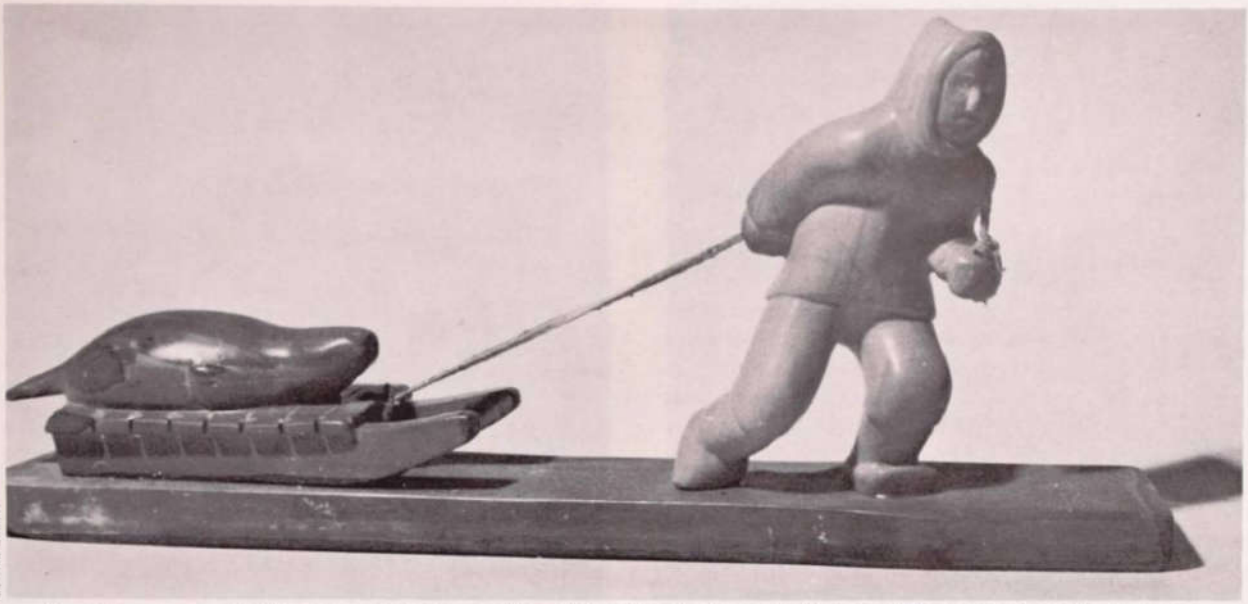
Atoat: When I was a child, I never thought about carving; nor did I ever notice anyone doing it until I saw my mother's stepfather carving ivory. I didn't know what he was making though. When someone was leaving to trade with the qallunaat [white men] he packed up his carvings and sent them along. That was how I first learned of people carving.

When the people returned from trading, they told us what he had got for the carvings in merchandise. There was quite a lot: pablum and food and other goods. That was before I got married, and afterwards I did not see anyone carving. I heard that more people were carving but I thought it was strictly for old men. I even thought it was funny. There was no way I was going to carve if it was only for old men.

It was only after I had had children that a woman of my age, who was a close friend, started to do some carving and was able to buy things that way. I envied her so I started to carve myself.

But I couldn't do as well, so, when I began, I tried to think of the carvings that I had seen, made by my mother's stepfather. Now I do my own creative work without regard to anything I have seen before. I use my own ideas and I'm taking it very seriously because it helps me buy food and clothing and pay the rent. It prevents you from being poor and, although it can become very tiring, if you work at it continuously it can help you a great deal.

Everyone started to carve at the same time, when the ship came in 1963, getting serious about it and enjoying it too. When we first saw carvings we thought they were funny. We used to look the pieces over very carefully, like the qallunaat do. If it was the figure of a person, for example, we would pretend that it was talking and mock



LORNE SMITH

One of a sequence of eight carvings depicting a seal hunt. From the sale of the set, Akitirq paid for a space heater for his home.

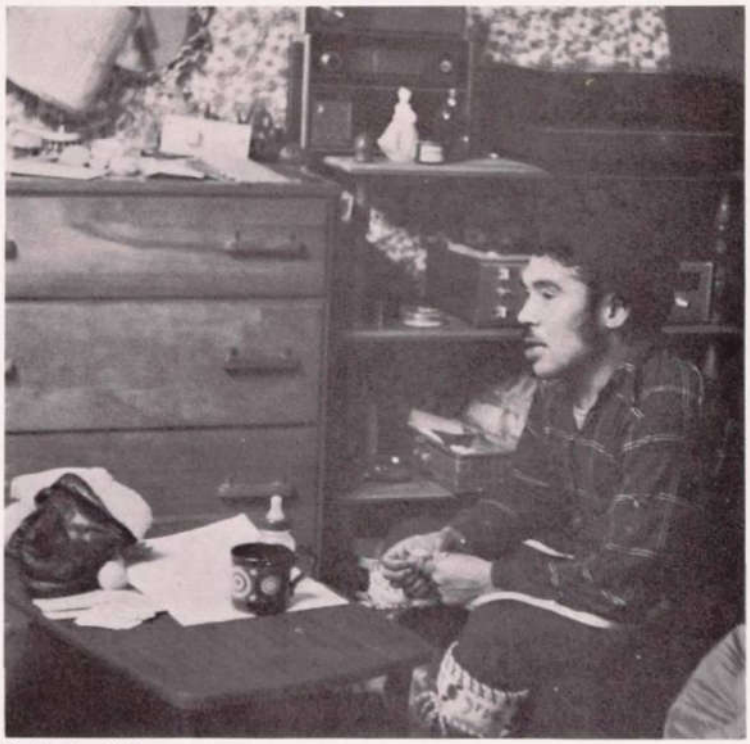
it. Those that are unemployed take it very seriously now and no longer think it's a laughing matter.

Akitirq: We were so embarrassed [when we started] that whenever we heard someone coming to visit we would hide the carvings.

Atoat: Even now, when you notice someone who is embarrassed or shy about it, you remember when you were in the same state, and try to encourage them to get over it. I often say to those who do not carve: 'Don't be shy when you start, or embarrassed about how the piece looks, or hesitant to ask for help; at first it will be difficult but, if you get stuck, just ask and you'll get help. You will be able to do your own work, with your own ideas.' When one is shy, it does not help one to learn. It's just like any job: you have to be taught how to do it and, after a while, you are able to do it on your own.

Akitirq: Yes [I taught myself]. I create my own work in my own way, and I have heard from others here that I am considered a good carver though I don't really like what I make. In the beginning I was one of the few who was an expert but now, since everybody here has started to carve, everybody in Arctic Bay is an expert carver. I think most of my relatives carve – my father and stepmother, Ahlooloo and Elisapee Kanangna, carve all the time, and my older brother, Aola, carves too. Sometimes my wife and I work together but this winter I have been the only one doing much carving.

Atoat: I stopped temporarily because the skin on my hands started to peel from the soapstone. I think I was trying to do too much. Now I can only carve when my hands are healed. This winter I have done very little, but once you start a piece you don't want to do anything else. It's catchy, and you want to keep on until it is completed.



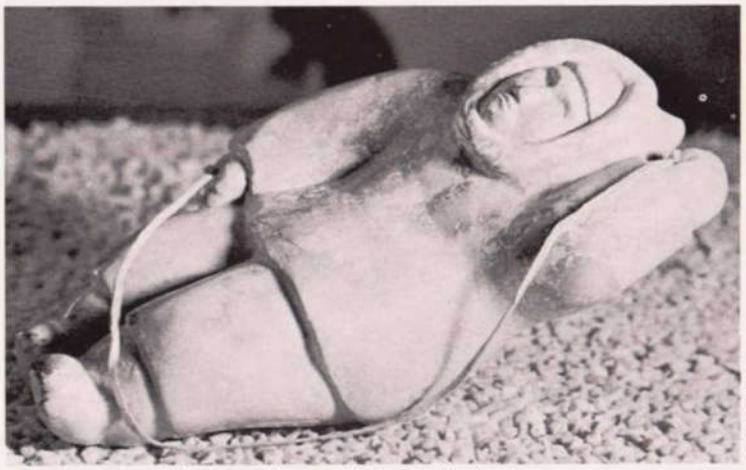
SUSAN COWAN

Pauloosie Akitirq.

Akitirq: When I am seriously working on a carving I prefer that no one is too close to me. Sometimes it takes me a long time to start. I think and think about it and eventually begin. It's the thought of having to make it smooth that causes me to think for so long. The polishing takes a long time and it's tedious, so at times it's depressing to think about having to carve. But once you start the carving itself, it becomes fun. But at the moment, I'm tired of it.

Atoat: Once you become tired, it is tiresome to think about and when you try to get back at it again, when you actually have the soapstone in your hand, it seems very dull. The very thought that you have to carve is depressing. But once you're into it again, when you start doing the outline of the carving, it becomes more interesting. Once that stage is over, and you can actually see the figure of a carving, it becomes enjoyable and you are enthusiastic about finishing the piece. During the polishing stage, the parts that were not perfectly done start showing up, so it becomes more interesting. When you think of the size of the carving in relation to the amount of goods you will be able to buy for it, the size is considerably smaller than the price you will get. It is interesting because it is so useful to our livelihood.

The carvers during the interview in their Pond Inlet home.



LORNE SMITH

'Man preparing a sealskin rope' by Atoat.
Courtesy 'Northern Images', the Yellowknife Co-operative store.

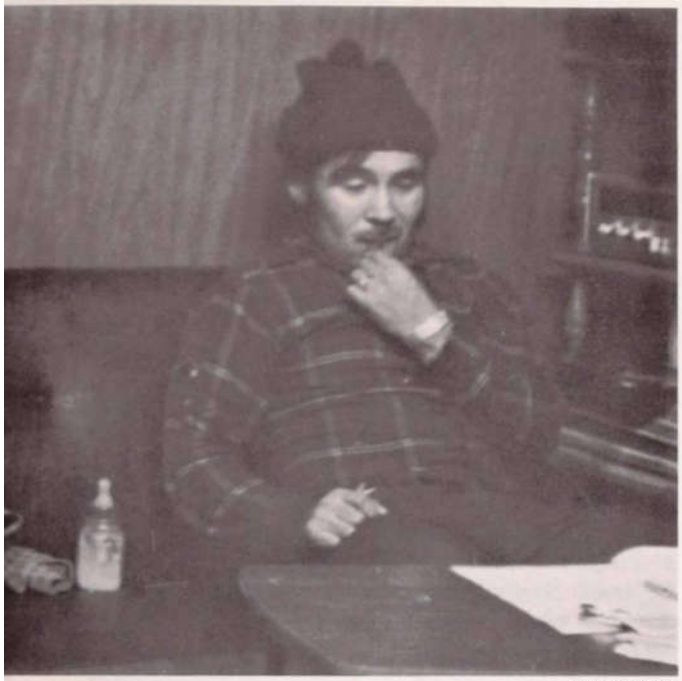
We both started carving in 1963, and neither of us have ever really been employed. Sometimes he will take jobs here and there for a very short time, but whenever we're running low [on money] we both try to do some carving. We have to buy tea and clothing and pay our rent and we have never had debts. This is due to our carving. We both feel that if we could not carve, we would have to be looked after by others or by the government, on welfare. We want to show that though we are unemployable, we can earn our own income. I want everyone to know that carving and making things is very useful for the livelihood of the Inuit. Even though it can become tiresome, it is very important. Because of it, you do not have to be assisted by others or by the government.

Akitirq: When we were living on the land we used to trap foxes but since we've been here, carving is our only income. I don't work regularly; even so, I feel our income is greater than that of most working people.

Atoat: An employed person receives a monthly income, no more or less than what he is due. But if you are carving steadily, you can make much more than the average monthly income. If you aren't doing too much you can make about the same or just a little less. It's an ideal thing to do, even though it's sometimes tiresome. We don't work because we like to be Inuit and live that life style. In summer, we leave Arctic Bay and don't return till freeze-up. We usually take our stone and tools and continue to carve while we are out in camp.

Akitirq: When it's very windy and impossible to hunt, or if there aren't very many seals popping, even though the wind and sea are calm, then I sit down to carve.

Atoat: I like the soapstone we have here, although people from other communities don't. Sometimes it's very difficult to polish, and there may be hidden cracks which will cause the piece to break when you have nearly finished it. In that case you can try to create something else from it or, if there is no possibility of doing that, you can only throw it out. It is not very pleasant when your carving breaks.



SUSAN COWAN

LORNE SMITH

'Hunter with Polar Bear Skin' by Akitirq.
Courtesy Northern Images.

Akitirq: When the co-op started, I was one of the people chosen to act as leader, but now I am not involved with anything. I concentrate on carving. I like to hunt, though not too much. I prefer it to being employed, which I don't care for. Now we have this kind of house we can live like traditional Inuit in our household. That's how we like it and why we are happy, because we can go back to our traditional life style sometimes.

When we are living here we live like anybody else, but when the sun starts to shine we go out on the land. We enjoy living that way: that's why we are unemployable.

Atoat: There's just not enough of me to go around. Because I am a human being, and was born as such, I feel that I should contribute to human society. I don't like the idea of me, as a person, being useless to society. So whenever I am asked to do something I will not to refuse the responsibility. I want to be able to help.

I am a member of the School Committee (though we are not making much progress), the Women's Helpers, and the Health Committee. I now feel that it is possible to take on too much, and if you do, your ability to handle each one is lessened. When I am involved with three different things, I try to put the most energy into the two most important ones, and balance them accordingly. The easiest one can be temporarily let go. In that way I think you can make the best use of your abilities. Perhaps I'm the only person that thinks like that.

May I talk about sewing? Personally I do not prefer to sew because I need to do other things at the same time. I leave the sewing for a while, and when I come back to it, I've lost it and have to look for it. But I like the sewing itself and sometimes I make things out of seal skin, such as owls. I can get more for ookpiks made from half a skin than I could buy selling the whole skin. I have just realized that recently; it is better to create something out of the skin than to sell it.

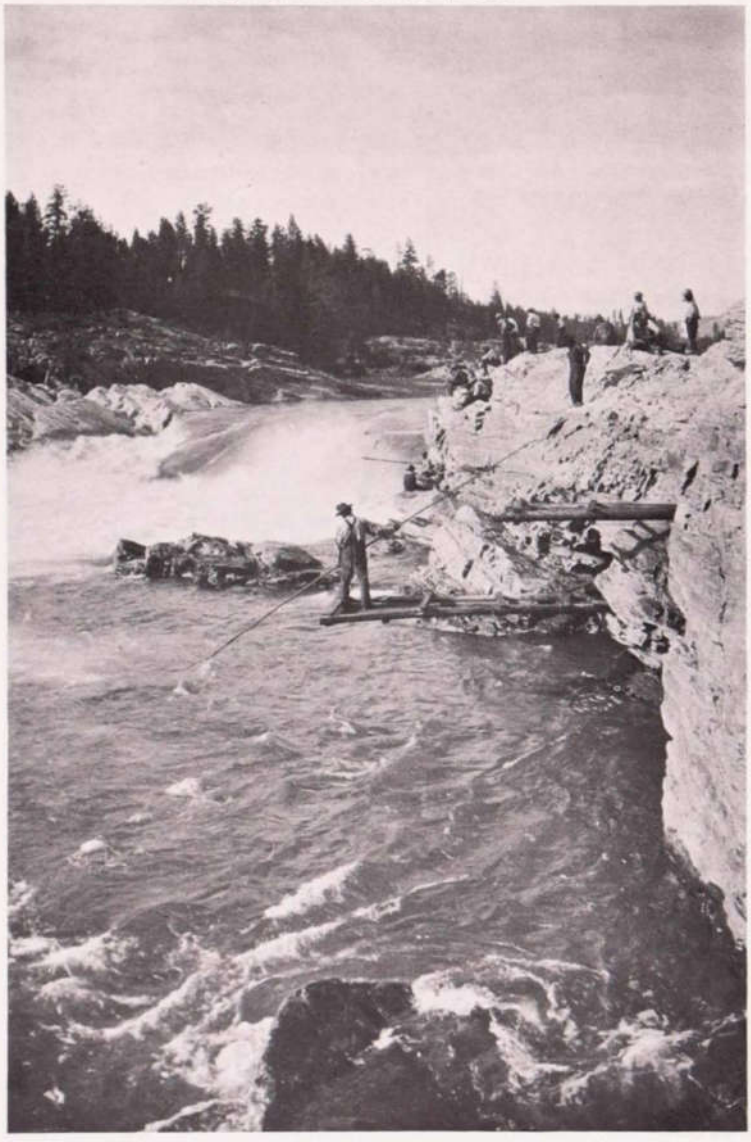
I am trying to teach our oldest daughter to sew because I was not educated in school and had to learn to make waterproof kamiks and do my own stitching, from my mother. I think that when she grows up and becomes an adult, she will need to sew, but if no one teaches her then she won't know how. If I cut the ookpik patterns for her she will not learn to do it on her own, so I try to interest her in it by reminding her that she can make some pocket money that way. I taught her how to make caribou-skin mitts because I want her to be able to do what adults are able to do. And for the first time this winter, she made her own kamiks. I'm not really thinking about money when I make her sew, but I use it as an encouragement to help her in her future. It's her security and insurance for survival in our climate. Even though she is learning the qallunaaq way, if she does not get assimilated enough to be able to work, and if, on top of that, she cannot perform a Inuit woman's duties, I feel that she won't be able to look after herself in the future. So I try to encourage her to sew. If I knew for certain that she would be able to survive like a qallunaaq, I would not try so hard. ◆

The Lamprey at Kettle Falls

By Stan Morris

Born at Kettle Falls on the Columbia River where his father and grandfather owned and operated a water-powered sawmill and flour-mill, Mr Morris is a forester, who invests in timberlands. Photographs are from the author's collection.

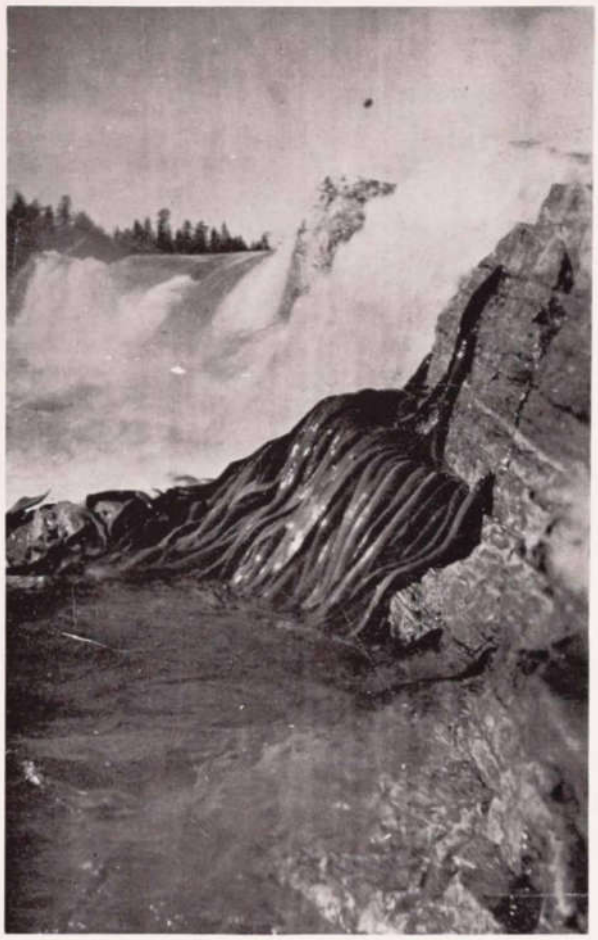
Fisherman at the historical Kettle Falls Indian fishery on the Columbia, c 1915.



THE SALMON has been given the credit for the great, historical Indian fishery at the Kettle Falls on the Columbia River. But another important inhabitant of the river was the migratory, snake-like lamprey, also a food source. Locally the lamprey was misnamed an eel. The eel is a true fish, but the shiny, dark-brown lamprey is a primitive vertebrate, resembling the eel only superficially. This visitor to the Kettle Falls was the Pacific or three-toothed lamprey, burdened with the scientific name of *Entosphenus tridentatus.* It had a long, slender, smooth and scaleless body ranging up to 27 inches long with two distinct fins on the back. The mouth was distinguished by a large circular sucking disc filled with three vicious rows of well-developed teeth. The head had a single nostril on the dorsal surface, and seven paired gill openings were present behind the eyes.

As a source of food the lamprey has little appeal to modern fishermen, probably because of its appearance. In Europe, in early times, the lamprey was considered a delicacy and known as the diet of kings. To the Indians along the Columbia the lamprey was an important food source and they made annual trips to the falls during the migrations in order to obtain a supply of lamprey as well as salmon. In common with other inhabitants of the cold waters the lamprey was choice eating. When hanging on the rocks the lamprey could be snagged or gaffed. In the water it was netted with a hoop net made about 18 inches in diameter of bark twine woven into meshes. The bag was attached to a willow hoop which had a long, slender pole for a handle. The net was pushed below the surface of the water and allowed to sweep downstream. Lampreys engaged in the net were swung upwards and dumped into one of the hollow rocks or 'kettles' for which the falls were named.

Preparation of the catch depended upon the need. For immediate consumption the lamprey was split and cleaned, but the head, tail, and backbone were left in place. It was cut into four or five segments about five inches long and roasted. A stick was thrust through



Lampreys cling to the rocks at Kettle Falls c. 1915.

the segments from the inside and then stuck into the ground so as to lean obliquely over a fire. Another method of preparation was to cut the lamprey into filets or strips which were stretched on cedar sticks and hung in the shade for drying. Long-time preservation of the dried meat was the same as for salmon in which the meat was shredded or pulverized and stored in baskets lined with fish skin.

In the ocean the lamprey is a predator and attacks various fish, to which it attaches itself, gnaws through the protective skin with its sharp teeth, and feeds upon the blood and tissues of the host. Many salmon and trout are taken each year showing the circular disc impression of the lamprey which indicates some are able to shake off their attacker. The greatest part of the life cycle is in salt water. When the life cycle nears its end the adult migrates back into fresh water to spawn and die.

As a migrant, the lamprey started its 500-mile journey from the Pacific, crossed the bar at Astoria, passed the Celilo Falls, and swam up the Columbia to the Kettle Falls. Its presence might have passed undetected but for that barrier. Unlike the salmon, the lamprey performed no spectacular leaps. They would be seen at the falls clustered in large groups, clinging to the rocks. Attaching themselves by cup-like mouths to the wet rocks, they would wiggle, jump, and inch upwards, reattaching themselves until the barrier was climbed. They would sometimes lose their grip and be swept away in the froth.

The lamprey migration coincided with spring salmon run. Their spawning habits led them to the small, shallow, tributary streams, and there in the riffles, running over the gravel, the females made beds in which they laid their eggs, intermixed with the gravel for anchorage. At the conclusion of the spawning, the lamprey died and their bodies drifted down to collect in pools and eddies where they littered the water. This was a bonanza, no doubt, to small carnivorous animals, but was overpowering to the human nose.

The lamprey young pass through a larval stage of several years' duration which sets them apart from fish whose young are similar in morphological structure to the adult form. The young larvae burrow into the accumulated silt and sand of the stream bottom where they pass through their larval stage for several years until the freshwater period of their lives is over. Then their bodies change to the adult form. At this time they emerge from their subterranean homes and begin a return migration to the ocean.

With the coming of Grand Coulee Dam, lamprey runs above that point stopped, but in the lower Columbia the runs continue. A commercial fishery was started in 1941 to harvest lamprey; barriers were built which allowed the lamprey to climb the surface and fall over the top into a trap. This unique fishery provided a source of valuable vitamin oils, fish meal for fertilizer, and protein for livestock and poultry. In 1946, a peak harvest of 397,260 pounds was taken and shipped to the reduction plant at Warrenton, Oregon. The operation was discontinued in 1956 owing to a decline in the market for Vitamin A. The fishery has not been re-established, but not because of a shortage of lamprey. ◆

At Sonnenfeld founded in 1906 in southern Saskatchewan, Abraham Kornstein holds sheaves from his bountiful crop of wheat, 1928.

JEWISH PIONEER SETTLEMENTS

A. J. Arnold

Former Executive Director of the Jewish Historical Society of Western Canada, Mr. Arnold is researching and writing a volume on the history of Jews in Canada.

Photographs are published with permission of the Jewish Historical Society of Western Canada and the Manitoba Archives. Wapella photographs are from the collection of Cyril E. Leonoff.

HIRSCH, BENDER HAMLET, and Edenbridge, Sonnenfeld, Oungre, and Hoffer – these are some of the names associated with land settlement by Jewish homesteaders in Western Canada after 1880.

As early as 1884 an immigration handbook in Yiddish extolling the virtues of settlement in Manitoba was being circulated in parts of eastern Europe. It was not published in the language of the Jews by the Canadian authorities but was translated from German by an enterprising Hamburg travel agent with offices in Jassy, Romania. A copy of this handbook is but one item among many hundreds of pages of documents relating to Jewish settlement in the west from 1882 to be found in the records of the Department of Agriculture and the Department of the Interior in the Public Archives of Canada.

The failure of the special effort made by Sir Alexander Galt in the summer of 1882 to convince Sir John A. Macdonald to assign land in Manitoba for the 350 Russian Jews who arrived in Winnipeg that spring has been related previously (*Beaver*, autumn, 1974).

Two years later Galt tried again. He wrote the Minister of the Interior on 1 April 1884, as representative of the London Committee for the Relief of Russian Jews, that it was intended to place on homesteads 40 to 50 families of those sent to Winnipeg two years earlier with the object of 'practically testing the suitability of these people for agriculture'. He urged that they be placed in one locality 'as was done with the Mennonites and Scotlanders' and said he had adequate funds to assist the project.

This time Galt's request was granted and a series of homestead sections were assigned in townships 11, 12, and 13, range 2, west of the second meridian, near Moosomin. This was west of the Manitoba border, some 225 miles from Winnipeg. By the time these arrangements were completed, the 40 to 50 families had been further reduced to 28 and it was mid-May before this group was able to start out for the homestead location.

The Moosomin settlement became known as 'New Jerusalem'. In spite of the assistance of the London Committee the prospects for these would-be homesteaders were not promising. None of them had prior farming experience, and in the first three years the hardships of the virgin prairie were compounded by drought and early frost.

Among the 28 New Jerusalem pioneers were Berel Weidman and his sons Mordecai and Hiram; Simon Lechtzier and his son Abraham; Solomon Norovlansky, Herz and David Gelgeran, and Joseph and Kiva Barsky. In their first year they signed for loans from the Mansion House Committee ranging from $328 to $475 and totalling $10,521. When Berel Weidman signed for his first loan in Hebrew he was asked to add his 'X' mark. A month later when he received a small additional loan he was able to sign in English.

The three bad crop years which began in 1884 affected experienced farmers almost as much as the Jewish settlers. Conditions were so difficult that by 1885 the private land companies who had undertaken to bring settlers to the West, petitioned the Privy Council for relief from their obligations. They pleaded 'unexpected and insuperable difficulties [caused by] external circumstances beyond their control'.

In May 1886, Sir Alexander Galt expressed concern – not for the crop failures of the Jewish farmers – but for their refusal to sign for new cash advances. Writing to the Minister of the Interior he pointed out that the London Committee had agreed to forget arrears of interest prior to May 1, and were allowing ten years for repayment of principal at five per cent. He warned that the action of the Jewish settlers would 'close the door' on further efforts by 'friends of the Jews in Europe'.

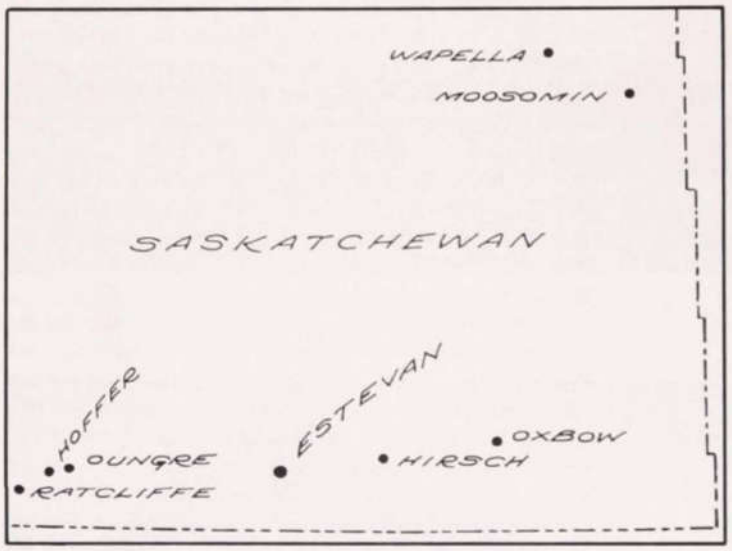
Thomas White, Minister of the Interior, reminded Galt that the Jews had signed for previous advances and their refusal now was only for grants given since 1 January 1886, for clothing, provisions, and seed grain. The government could not compel acknowledgements, he explained, because the law provided this must be voluntary to justify granting of liens.

By 1888 the New Jerusalem situation had deteriorated even further and Galt declared the Jewish colony a failure. He reported that the Jews had sold their crops and cattle and 'turned to their natural (!) avocation of peddling.' He sought to secure the 3,000 pounds expended on 'these Vagabonds' by ensuring that the Mansion House Committee would have a claim on the abandoned land. Moreover Galt now declared: '. . . from the outset I protested against the experiment as I never thought they would make farmers.'

A more objective report on the Moosomin experiment was prepared in 1892 for the Young Men's Hebrew Benevolent Society in Montreal by two independent observers, Charles McDiarmid and Ignatius Roth, in the course of investigating prospective sites for another Jewish settlement. Acknowledging the 'three bad years in succession', their report suggested the early frost danger might have been remedied by proper management. 'The people failed to get their land ready in early spring and consequently their grain was late and got smitten in the sap.' The settlers were abused by agents who made them 'take things they were in no immediate need [of] and go without such things as they thought the most needed' the report declared. It was a drawback that many of them 'were in no way adapted to farming and tried to work their farms by hired labour, while they themselves were away peddling.'

Even while New Jerusalem was 'falling' some individual Jewish families were taking up homesteads in southern Manitoba, and others were beginning to arrive in the Moosomin-Wapella area to lay the basis for the first successful Jewish farm settlement.

Berel Weidman, one of the 28 pioneers who founded Moosomin – 'New Jerusalem'.



Hersh Paul homesteaded for ten years on a quarter section granted to him near Winnipeg in 1887.

One such family was Hersh and Eva Paul, who came to Canada in 1885 from Olshana in the Kiev Province of the Ukraine. They had four children, aged one to six years. Before starting out a small copper kettle filled with gooseberry preserves, intended to combat seasickness, was entrusted to Lizzie, the eldest. She carried it all the way to Winnipeg with its contents untouched since all were too ill even to taste the preserves. The last lap of the trip of more than a month was by train pulled by the 'Countess of Dufferin', the first locomotive to reach Winnipeg.

In Winnipeg there was again a two-year wait for the promised homestead and the family suffered dire poverty, since Hersh Paul could only find odd jobs. A fifth child was born and Lizzie was enrolled at the Louise School where her formal education began and ended. Hersh, an Orthodox Jew, attended religious services in the loft of a livery stable.

At last, in 1887, the Pauls were assigned a quarter-section of land near Niverville, some ten miles from the city. They set out with high expectations, $10 in cash, the framework of a one-room shanty, a work horse and a cow, but with very little 'mazel' – luck. The horse was killed in an accident and the cow became tubercular; the baby, deprived of milk, developed rickets.

The Paul family survived their first farm winter on bannock made of bitter flour milled from frozen wheat which cost 25¢ per hundred pounds, and a 'kugel' or pudding made of frozen potatoes donated by neighbours. A chicory brew served as a coffee substitute.

The next spring, Hersh built a new cabin home from poplar saplings. Plaster was made of straw, clay, water and manure, and trampled to the right consistency by an ox that was driven in circles around a pole. Thin sapling strips were fitted into grooves on logs cemented together with the home-made plaster. Lumber from the old shanty was used for the roof beams, while the roof itself was made of marsh hay and grass placed in overlapping layers. The windows and door of the shanty were also used in the new house where two 'roobas' – old-country style stoves – were built of bricks and iron.

At least one other Jewish family, the Moses Goldsteins, was homesteading at Niverville at this time, in a predominantly Mennonite area. The men spent the summer clearing the land with ox-teams with older children helping. Eva Paul sewed clothes for the family and made her own candles and soap. Hersh bought cowhides, tanned them and made harness for the oxen and shoes for the family. The shoes were of wood, fashioned after the 'holtz shloren' or mules of the Mennonites, with a strip of leather across the toes.

Homestead life was harsh but religious ardour brightened the lives of the growing Paul family. Each Friday they gathered at the Sabbath table and a few fermented raisins provided wine for the 'kiddush'. God was thanked for the bitter bannock and potato kugel that graced the coarse white cloth.

The Pauls were anxious for their children to go to school and they despaired when the government refused to build a schoolhouse because the minimum number of students (11) was lacking. It was claimed that some of the Mennonites had agreed to enrol their children but had withdrawn at the last minute, instilled with the fear of their children becoming 'Englander'.

On stormy winter nights Eva Paul left a lamp in the window to light the way for passing strangers. A small bag of sugar cubes was hoarded for special occasions when a passing pedlar stopped to share their hospitality. Once a storm-stranded pedlar stayed for three days. Being too proud to reveal the extent of their poverty, Annie, who had no dress except for a long flour-sack shirt, was obliged to stay in bed and feign illness.

Eva Paul died of typhoid at the age of 38, leaving her husband with nine children, including an infant daughter of three weeks. She was buried in Winnipeg's first Jewish cemetery at Transcona.

By January 1897, the two oldest children had married and left the farm. The third child was disabled, and so Annie, at the age of 13 (the infant of 1885), became housekeeper and mother to her remaining brothers and sisters. She milked nine cows and fed 40 head of cattle. Towards the end of 1897 the farm became too much for them and the family moved back to Winnipeg.

Father Hersh started a dairy on the outskirts of the city. Later he caught goldeye near the Louise Bridge,

smoked them himself and sold them to wholesale grocers for 25¢ per dozen.

As the Paul family began their homestead venture in 1887 and the New Jerusalem experiment was failing, a new group of Russian Jews was taking up land in the Wapella district about 20 miles from Moosomin. Led by John Heppner, they were sponsored by Herman Landau, a London Jewish leader associated with the financing of the CPR. They were said to be 'thorough agriculturists [and] an entirely different class' from the Moosomin group.

Arranging for the CPR to assist his protégés, Landau said he did not mind if they took homesteads near the Moosomin colony provided there was 'no danger of contamination or injury' to his people. The CPR was most anxious to please Landau because of a promise that successful settlement of this group would bring more settlers with capital to the West.

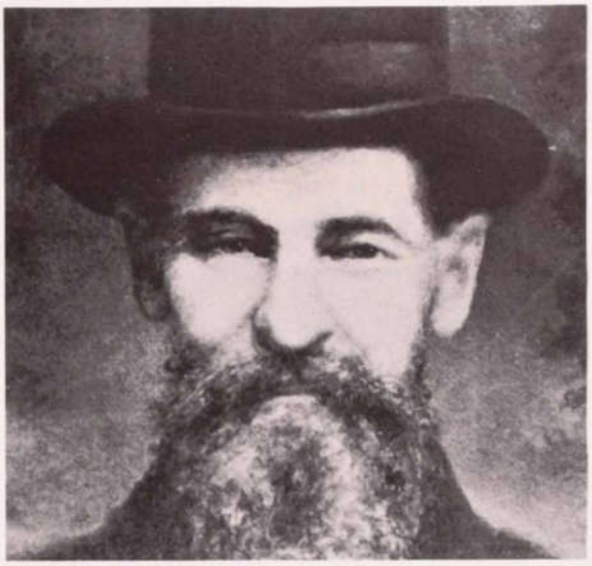
A developed quarter section was purchased for John Heppner from an English settler who was returning to the old country and adjoining homesteads were secured for the eight other men in the group. This was considered an exceptional concession because only even-numbered sections were available under the free homestead policy while the odd-numbered sections were held for the CPR. The new Jewish homestead group was located eight miles northeast of the Wapella railway station, about 240 miles from Winnipeg.

In the fall of 1888 Abraham Klenman, age 57, arrived in Manitoba to inspect a number of possible homestead locations where he and his son-in-law Solomon Barish, and several other Jewish families waiting in Montreal, could take up farming. Klenman had been overseer of an agricultural estate in Russia while Barish had farmed at the Russian Jewish colony of Dombroveni.

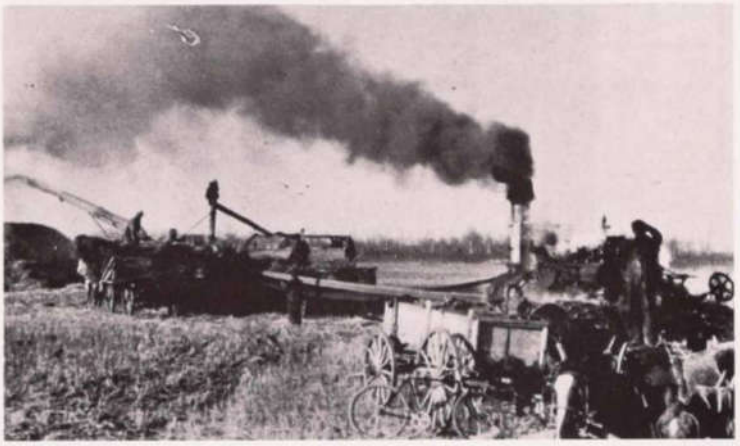
After visiting several places in Manitoba Klenman heard about John Heppner and went to call on him. The fertile black soil and woods of the Wapella district appealed to him as well as the possibility of settling near co-religionists. He also found that he would be able to benefit from the precedent set for the Heppner group of exchanging odd- and even-numbered sections, with the help of the CPR, so that his people too could settle on adjacent homesteads.

Klenman, accompanied on his exploratory trip by a friend who went back to report to the others in Montreal, decided to take a homestead immediately and to prepare a house for his family. Winter had set in by the time he completed the digging of a cellar by hand. He managed to cover the cellar with poles and straw, put up a ladder for entry through a hole in the roof, and lived below ground like a prairie gopher that first winter. In the spring he finished the house and his wife and family came out to join him. His son-in-law remained behind, with his family, to earn some extra money.

The influx of Jewish homesteaders which began with the Heppner group aroused the concern of some of the



Ekiel Bronfman, founder of the famous Bronfman family, arrived at Wapella to homestead in 1889.



Poplar logs were clay-plastered and whitewashed for the Wapella home of Alexander Klenman. Above is Harry Klenman's steam thresher, 1910; it required a crew of 18 to 24 men.

In 1894 Solomon Barish paid $10 for his quarter section of land and received this interim receipt.

No. 11747

DOMINION LANDS.

INTERIM HOMESTEAD RECEIPT.

No. 12463.

Agency,

Brandon, Man., Nov. 15 1894.

I Certify that I have received from Solomon Barish.

of Wapella Assa. per A.C. Macdonald Esq.

the sum of TEN Dollars, being the office fee for Homestead Entry for NE

Quarter of Section 24 Township 16 Range 28

West of 2nd Meridian, and that the said Solomon Barish

is, in consequence of such entry and payment, vested with the rights conferred in such cases by the provisions of "The Dominion Lands Act," respecting Homestead rights.

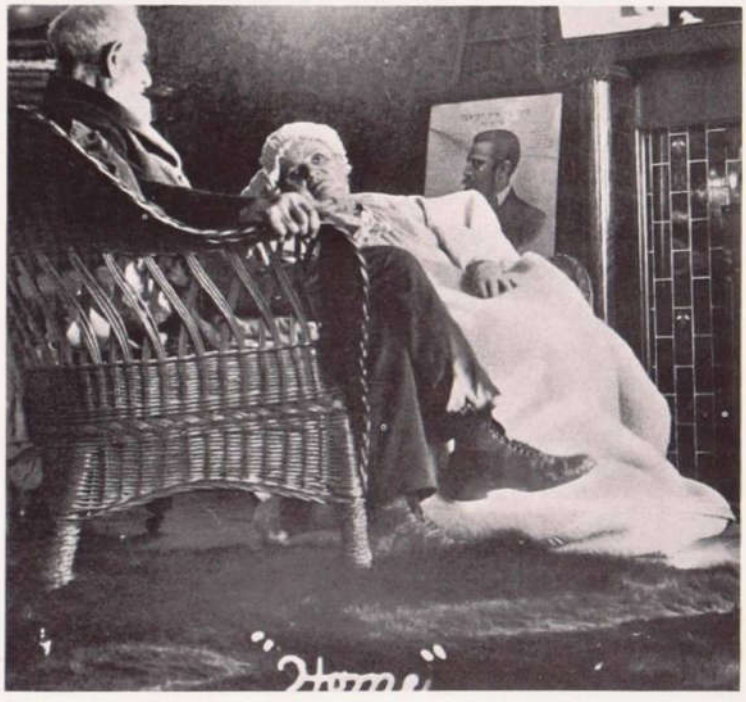
W.H. Keam

Local Agent.

NOTE.—All mineral and other reservations existing on or under the Lands hereinbefore described are reserved to Her Majesty.

Note.—The conditions upon which this Entry is granted are printed on the back hereof.

Pioneers Solomon and Raina Barish in their Wapella home, 1936.



earlier residents. Land had been reserved for more Jewish settlers and this moved the Liberal-Conservative Association of Wapella to adopt a resolution, on 18 April 1887, charging that the government was 'unaware of the injury being done us' by holding land, for the Jews were 'a most undesirable class of settler'. If the reserved lands were not thrown open, the resolution declared, better settlers would be kept out. The protest by the government party's constituency organization was directed to the Minister of the Interior and W. D. Perley M.P. took up the cudgels on behalf of his constituents.

A. M. Burgess, Deputy Minister of the Interior, informed Perley on May 3 that the Minister considered it desirable to have a homestead inspector check on the Jewish settlers and make an official report *before* acting to cancel any land reserves. H. H. Smith, Dominion Lands Commissioner at Winnipeg, was instructed to act on the Minister's recommendation and an official inspection was started almost immediately. As for the reserved lands, however, Smith had acted on his own within a week of the adoption of the Wapella resolution and ordered the reservations cancelled before the Minister's view became known.

The Heppner group had only been on the land since early spring but by mid-July an official report on the Jewish settlers was submitted by the homestead inspector, R. S. Park. Surprisingly his first comment was that 'the English settlers speak highly of these Jews and don't desire better neighbours'. With the complaining petition signed by names like Blythe, Hudson, Elliott, Kirby, Lucas, Hill and Jones, it can only be speculated that since their main demand, the cancellation of the reserved lands, had been met, it was easier for them to accept the Jews already there as good neighbours.

The homestead inspector called the Wapella Jews industrious and hard working and able in every way. He reported that they were working together and had rented farms outside their homesteads so that, while breaking their own land, they were raising crops for their immediate needs on rented land. He emphasized however that his report was only on the Jews in Wapella township and he knew nothing of the Jews south of Moosomin at the New Jerusalem settlement.

Less than two years later, in the spring of 1889, when Abraham Klenman and his friends Harry Jacobson, Edel Brotman, Kalman Isman and a few others were making their first back-breaking efforts on the land, the concern of non-Jewish settlers was aroused for the second time. The Liberal-Conservative Association of Wapella again adopted a resolution declaring the reservation of land for Jews 'detrimental to the interests and welfare of the district'. Signed by some 35 residents it was forwarded to Edgar Dewdney, Minister of the Interior.

Dominion Lands Commission officials immediately responded that the 1886 land reservations for the Jews had been cancelled. L. A. Hamilton, the CPR land commissioner, had urged, however, that the Jews now

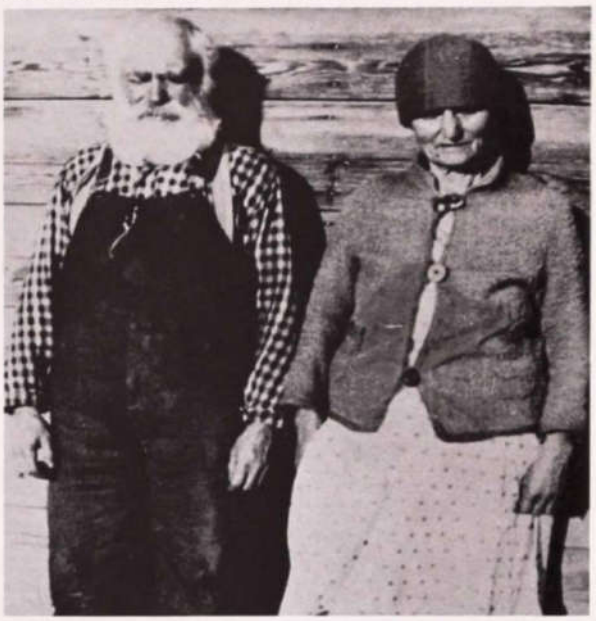
arriving should be able to settle near their 'compatriots' and new reservations were made for this purpose. It would appear that because of this new protest, land reserved for the Jews was not held as long as it might have been. As a result only about 25 Jewish families were able to establish themselves at Wapella which nevertheless became the most successful and long-lasting of all the Jewish farm settlements.

Solomon Barish, who had remained behind in Montreal to earn some extra money when his father-in-law Abraham Klenman began farming, was provided with a supply of goods and sent out to peddle in a French district. He could speak neither French nor English and he had to carry the pack on his back. After trying it for one day he dropped his back-pack and hitch-hiked back to town, determined more than ever to become a farmer. Money was still a problem, however, so he went to work in a cigar factory. Here his health became threatened and a doctor advised country air. He sent his family to Wapella to stay with the Klenmans and he went to Chicago to train as a *shochet* (ritual slaughterer) of fowl.

In 1892 Barish finally reached Winnipeg, en route to Wapella, with $100 in his pocket. He bought a team of oxen, a wagon and a plough and set out for the homestead settlement. There he got to work immediately as a shochet, slaughtering wild prairie chickens (which had to be trapped live) according to orthodox dietary rules.

The Klenman-Barish group are considered the founders of the Wapella settlement even though John Heppner and his friends arrived a year or two earlier. Apart from Heppner, the other members of Herman Landau's 'superior' group seem to have disappeared within a short time. Among those who arrived at Wapella in 1889 but did not stay long were Ekiel and Mindel Bronfman, founders of the famous Bronfman family.

Sarah and Solomon Hirsch Jacobson who farmed at Wapella from 1888 to 1943.



The Hirsch settlement site was chosen on the advice of Asher Pierce, a Jewish homesteader who settled at Oxbow following the opening of the CPR to Estevan in 1888. The Pierce family, below, farmed and operated stores at Oxbow and Melita.

Solomon Hirsch (Harry) Jacobson also arrived at Wapella in 1889, at the age of 26, and remained there as a farmer until his death in 1943. In 1937 he addressed the Prosperity Homemakers Club of Rocanville on *Reminiscences of My Pioneer Days*. Jacobson said he came to Canada to show the world that a Jew can be a farmer as well as anybody else.

'I realized my ambition at Wapella' he related. 'Starting out alone with no experience, I uprooted trees, cleared the bush, broke the land and made it one of the most fruitful farms in the district. All this was done by a Jewish pedlar whose parents couldn't get land in Russia.'

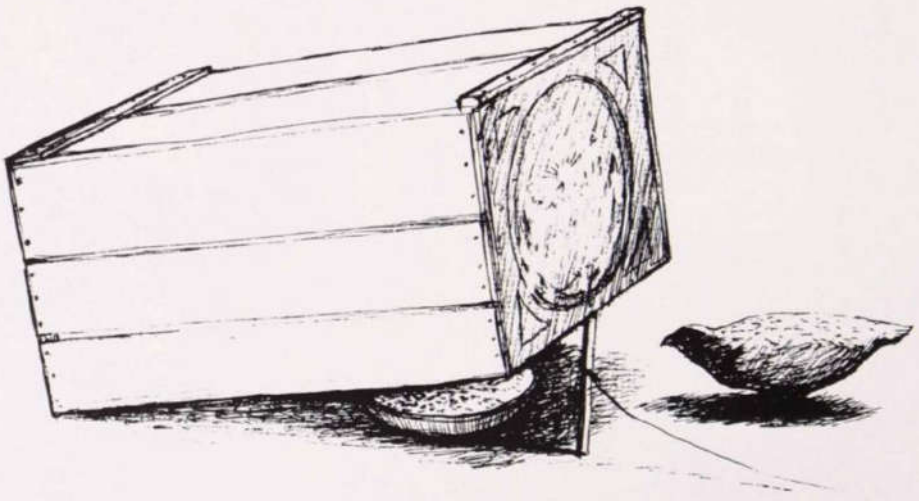
The descendents of Alter Kaplun who settled at Wapella in 1891, still farm there after almost 85 years.

Jacobson learned things the hard way. After breaking two and a half acres, clearing five more and building a shack he lost his first summer's work by failing to make legal entry for his homestead. Someone else came along and claimed it. For a time he hired himself out with his oxen to other farmers but before long he did obtain his own homestead. His farm was 15 miles from Wapella and at first there were just two other settlers between him and the town.

The record for long-time farming at Wapella was set by the Kaplun family. Alter Kaplun came to Canada after completing his service in the Russian army. In 1891 he worked his way west from Montreal on the railway. When he learned that a quarter-section of land could be had for $10 cash he quit the railway at Virden, Manitoba, and took a homestead.

In the summer of 1895, Alter Kaplun married Batsheva (Bessie), daughter of Kalman Isman, another Wapella pioneer. The marriage contract specified that the bride was a virgin and that her father would give her a dowry of one cow and clothing appropriate to her station. The descendants of that marriage are still farming at Wapella almost 85 years later.

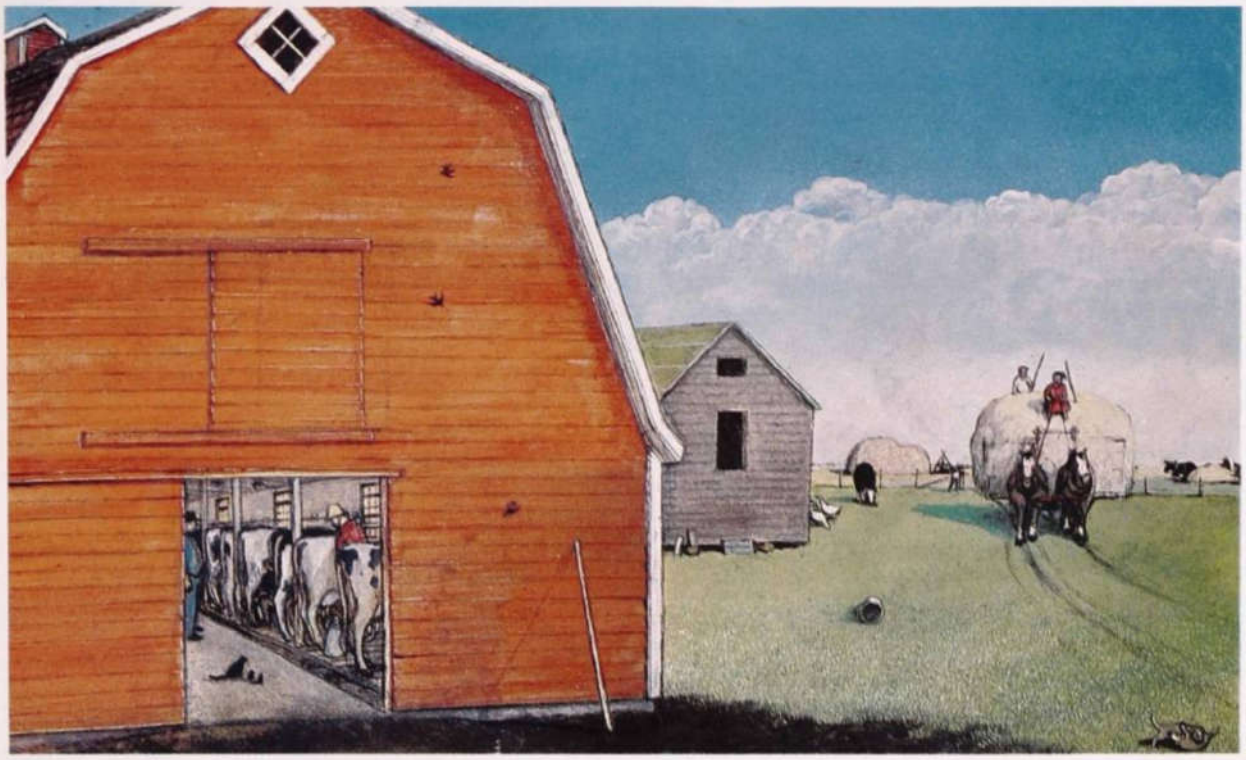
Patriarch Abraham Klenman lived on the farm until his death in 1910. When he got too old for farm work he became the Hebrew teacher. Harry Klenman, his younger son, farmed all his life, except for service overseas in both world wars; he died in 1955. Solomon Barish died on the farm in 1944 and one of his sons sold out during the depression; three others, who acquired 1,100 acres between them, sold out between 1958 and 1962 when they retired to Vancouver. ◆



A sketch by William Kurelek envisages a way that Jewish pioneers trapped live prairie chickens for kosher meat.

William Kurelek Paintings

With his comments on four Jewish farm colonies



'IN THE STONEWALL DISTRICT north of Winnipeg there is a marginal, partly boggy, farming area more suited to dairying than grain farming. Many nationalities settled there; my father, a Ukrainian, was there, and at least a dozen dairymen were Jews. Two whom we knew were Goodman Glow and Farmer Steele.

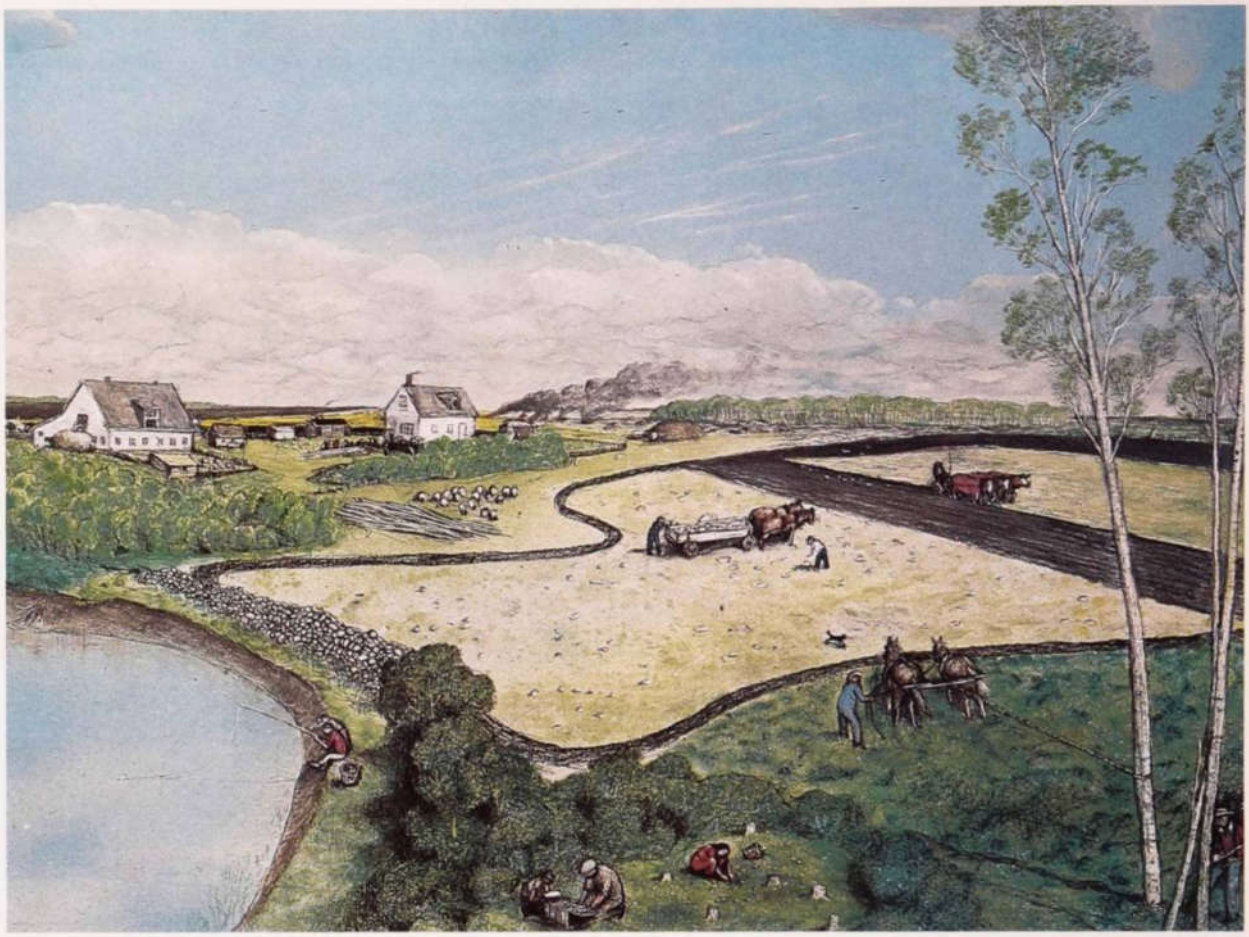
'Homely details in this painting – the puppies wrestling in the grass, the swallows winging their way about the barn door, and the cats waiting for their saucer of milk – are drawn from my own memories. My little daughter Cathy, who is one of my art critics and an aspiring veterinarian, says the kittens are really mice, because of the shape of their ears.'

These three and the cover painting are from a series of 16 canvases on 'Jewish settlement in Canada' by William Kurelek. The series, he says, is his way of thanking Canadian Jewish art patrons 'for their important part in my success'. He singles out Avrom Isaacs, the Toronto art dealer 'who first discovered me and took the risk of exhibiting me', a Jewish women's organization, and Jewish art collectors in Toronto who were the first to buy his works.

The paintings are based on photographs from the archives of the Jewish Historical Society of Western Canada, the Public Archives of Canada and the provincial archives of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and on information contained in 'The Jewish Contribution to the Opening and Development of the West' by Abe Arnold, an article published in 'Transactions of the Manitoba Historical Society'.

'In every case I have used artist's licence to combine various features in one painting and as a result my western friends may find something of their own from one colony reflected in the painting of another colony.' writes Mr Kurelek.

Pioneering at Edenbridge, Saskatchewan.



'Edenbridge was one of several successful Jewish farm colonies that started on the prairies around 1900 and flourished for 50 years or longer. The others were at Hirsch, Sonnenfeld, Wapella and Lipton in Saskatchewan and at Rumsey and Trochu in Alberta. Edenbridge was founded by a group of about 20 Jewish immigrants who left their homes in Lithuania at the turn of the century and migrated to South Africa. When they read a 1905 pamphlet issued by the Canadian Department of Immigration offering 160 acres of virgin land for $10 they were inspired to migrate again – this time to the new province of Saskatchewan in Western Canada. They decided against settling on lands near the established Jewish farms colonies at Hirsch and Lipton because these areas had no trees.

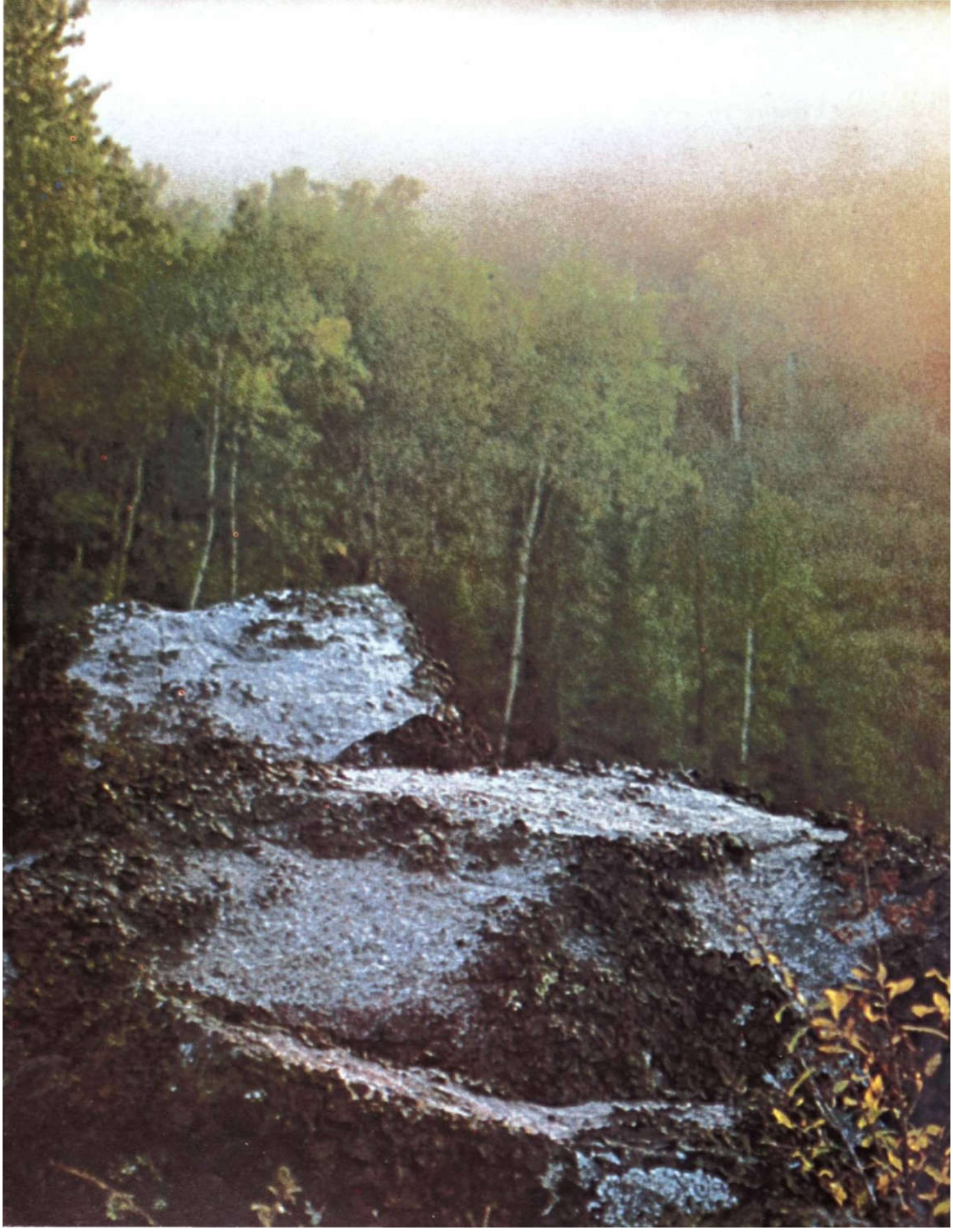
'In this painting I have tried to incorporate 25 years of development in one picture. For example, a farmer is plowing with oxen in the field, but by the house a family is cutting firewood with a saw powered by a steam engine. We also see efforts to 'thicken the pot' within limits of dietary laws by fishing in the Carrot River, trapping animals and birds, and picking mushrooms.

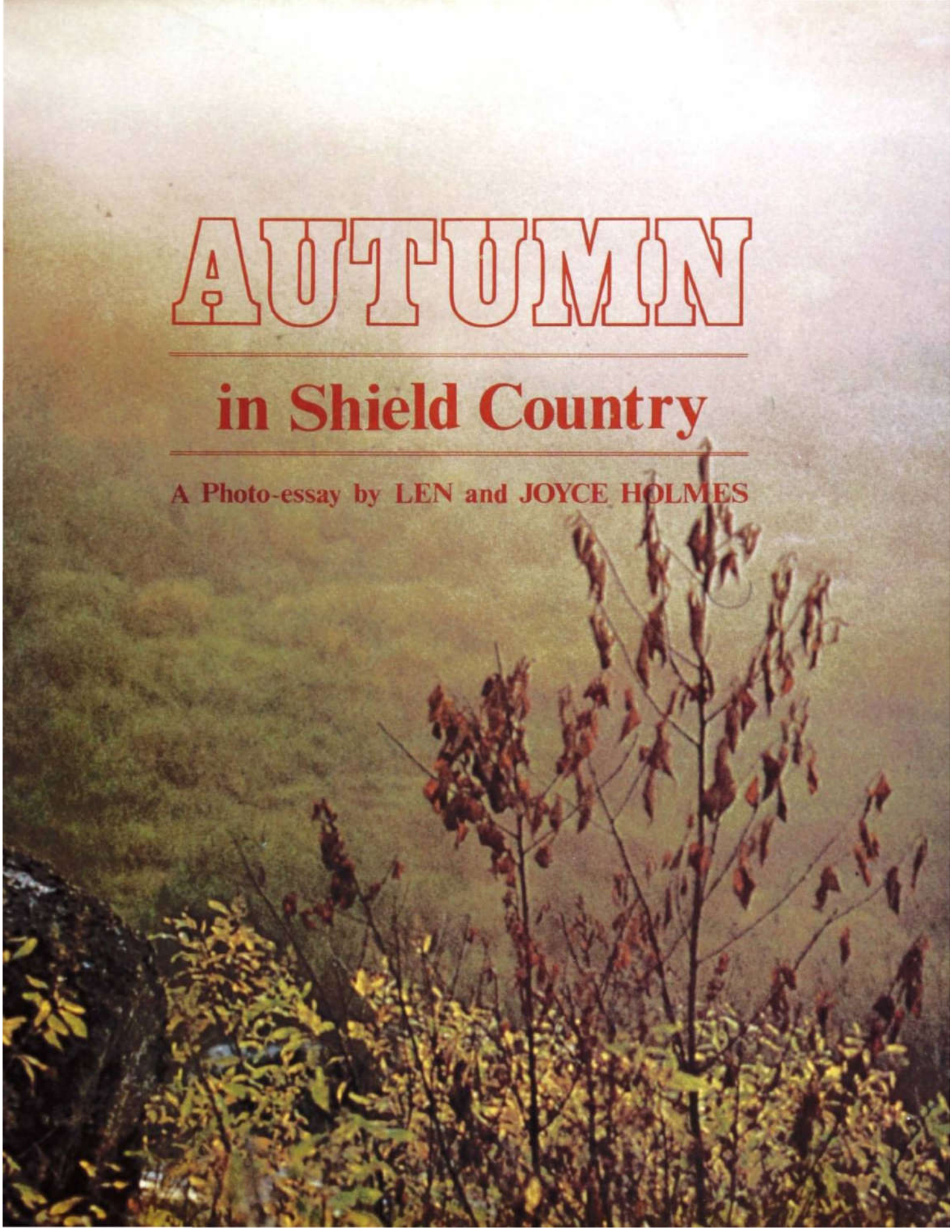
'The crop-bearing fields are being improved and extended by picking stones, clearing timber, and burning underbrush. Near the farm house are two small buildings which would not be seen on the land of gentile neighbours. The 'Mikvah' is a ritual bathhouse used by orthodox Jewish women to purify themselves after their menstrual period; the 'Succah' is a temporary building used during the 'Succoth' thanksgiving festival in the fall of the year as a reminder of the temporary dwellings used by the ancient Israelites during their 40 years of wandering in the Sinai wilderness.'

Bender Hamlet, the Colony that failed.

'Bender Hamlet, the first Jewish farm colony in Manitoba, was started in 1903 in the Interlake district 70 miles north-east of Winnipeg. The settlers soon found that much of the land was stony and short of water. Even drinking water had to be hauled by oxcart from a common well. Those who stayed the longest at Bender Hamlet, left the area with many memories – both happy and unfortunate.

'It is these memories that I have fitted into the panel of the frame as black pen-and-ink drawings. My Winnipeg friend, Abe Schwartz, sent me a diary of his great-aunt's farming adventures in North Dakota. Segments of her writings are reproduced in the frame. I hope the drawings and the writings convey the idea that the memories are like voices in the wind as it sighs in the thistles of overgrown fields and through the chinks of abandoned buildings.' ◆





AUTUMN

in Shield Country

A Photo-essay by LEN and JOYCE HOLMES

The Shield is a truly Canadian landscape. It is a land of rocks, trees, lakes, rivers, mosses, and lichens. The trees on the Shield are part of the Boreal Forest. There are no more than a dozen important tree species in all the forest, but there is great variety even in such a limited number.

Sporangia on the underside of a fern.

Typical Shield scene.

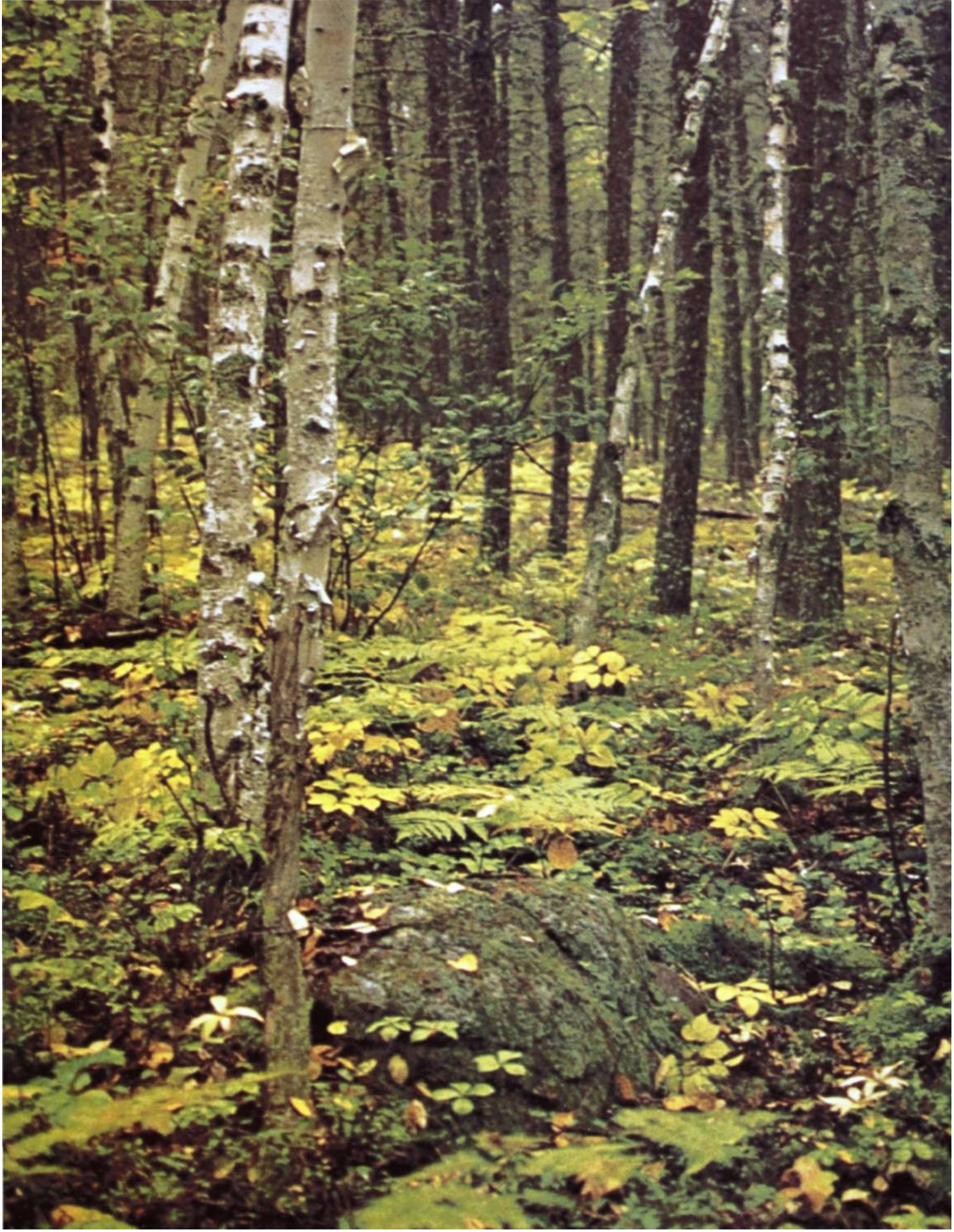
White Spruce in the rain.

Fruit of Bunchberry.

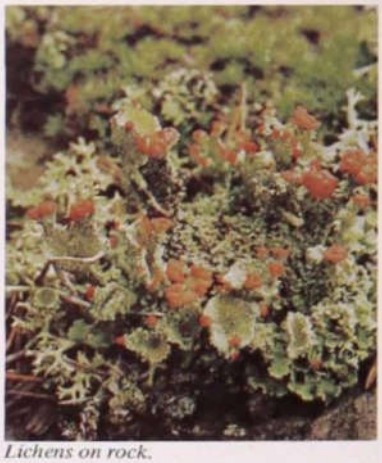
Gill fungi on forest floor.

The Pre-Cambrian rocks of the Shield comprise an area of about 2 million square miles. The Shield nucleus in Canada is different from the shields in other continents, for glaciers stripped the Canadian Shield of pre-glacial soil to expose the bare primeval rock.

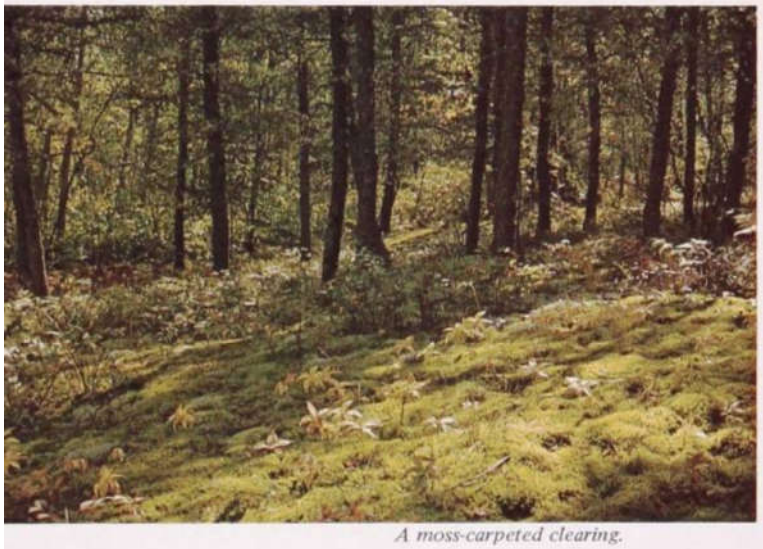
A rainy day in the Shield.



Lichens, the first plant life to settle and grow on bare rock surfaces, gradually break down the rock until it is usable soil, thus preparing the way for moss growth. This carries the cycle of plant succession on exposed rock one step further. Eventually trees will return to areas now covered by solid rock.



Lichens on rock.



A moss-carpeted clearing.

Sumac.

Wintergreen – flower and fruit.

The end of a cycle.

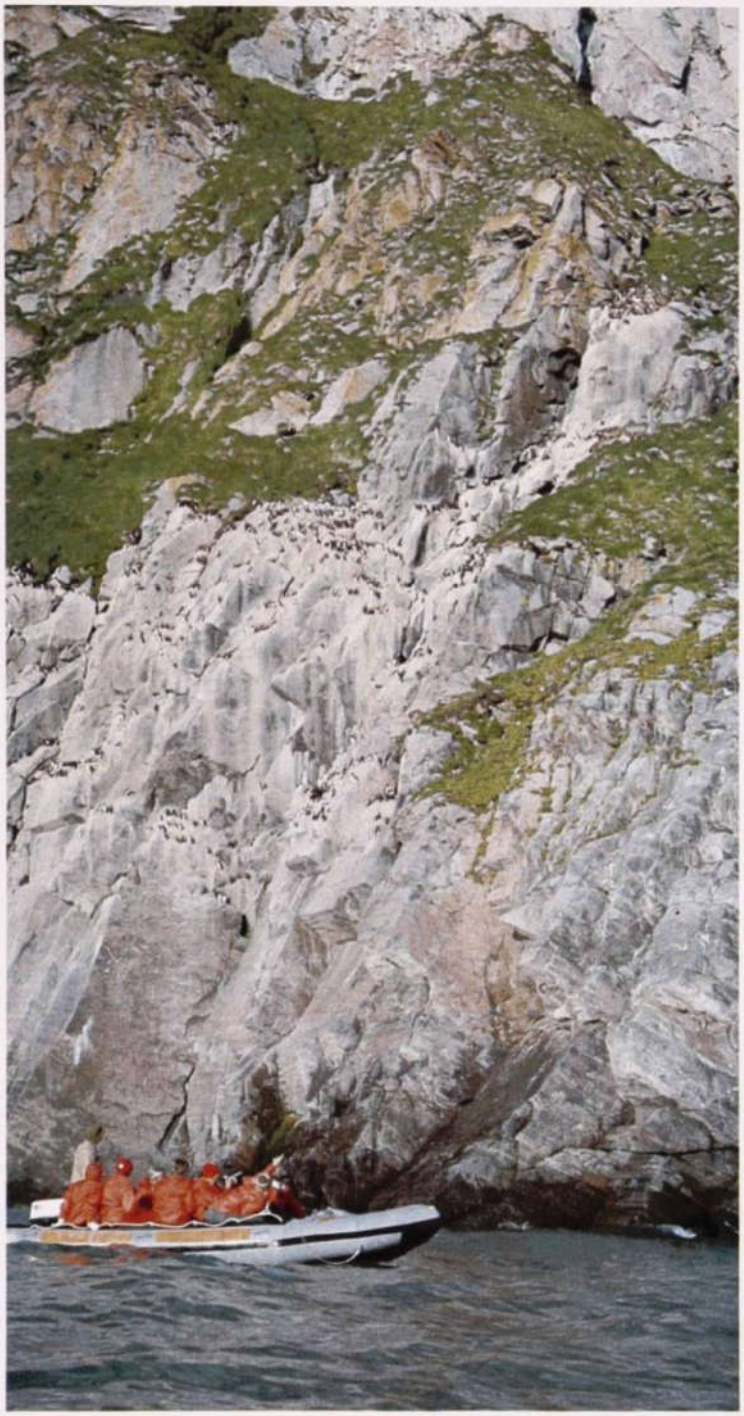
In exploring the Shield, the perfection of nature is apparent as we compare the minute lichen with the tallest tree. Walking an animal run leads us back through an aeon of natural history and we wonder if man has walked this way before. The Shield is true wilderness; it is a land of extremes and harshness, a land of beauty and peace.

A prelude to winter.

Arctic Sightseers

By T. C. Pullen
Photographs by Richard Harrington

At a murre nesting area near Cape Graham Moore on Bylot Island.



THE ARCTIC is no longer the mysterious place that it used to be. Exploration has given way to development, and ventures that were once hazardous have now become routine. From a mariner's viewpoint, the courage and determination displayed by our forebears have been replaced by less demanding attributes.

It was inevitable that the arctic wilderness would attract large groups of sightseers, once appropriate arrangements for their comfort and safety could be made. The visit of one such group was made in the summer, 1974, when the Canadian Wildlife Service, working with tour sponsors and Canadian environmental experts, planned an itinerary and accompanied the sightseers on their travels. A study of wildlife in all its diverse forms was the chief aim of the tour and cameras were the only weapons.

The tour was made possible by the use of the cruise ship *Linblad Explorer*, a new-comer to the Canadian scene, for she passes most of her time in the southern hemisphere. Indeed, it was her impressive record in the cold and inhospitable waters surrounding Antarctica that first established her reputation. Then in 1972 she cruised the waters of east Greenland, reaching eighty degrees north latitude, farther north there than any other commercial ship. So popular was this voyage that Lindblad Travel Inc., of New York decided to send her into the waters of west Greenland and Canada's Eastern Arctic.

Fitted with a bow-thruster, the *Explorer* has no need for tugs and can manoeuvre in cramped quarters with agility. Ice-strengthening features enable her to contend with conditions that would cripple most ships. Provided with lecture rooms, laboratory facilities and other features which set her apart, she can transport 90 passengers to almost any remote part of the oceans of the world.

With high hopes and enough cameras to stock several shops, the sightseers flew by Nordair charter from Montreal to Søndrestrømfjord where the ship waited. While in Greenland waters, stops were made at Faeringerhavnen for diesel fuel and at Sukkertoppen for fresh water. Two tons of the former are required to make one of the latter, something most passengers did not know, for they could be as profligate in their consumption of water on board as they were at home.

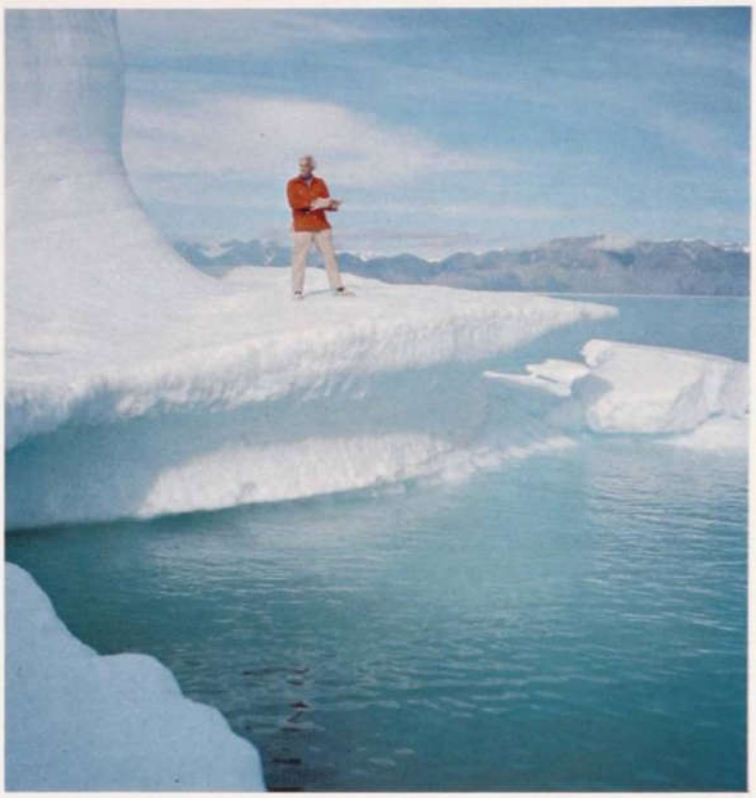
For the next three weeks the red-hulled cruise ship covered 4,400 miles, visiting a number of places accessible only by sea.

Kittiwakes, thousands of them, nest in the Cape Dyer vicinity of east Baffin and this site was the ship's first

Captain Pullen, consultant on arctic shipping and a director of Northern Associates Limited, continues a family tradition of Arctic navigation that dates back to 1848.

Captain Rolf Nordell, master of the 'Lindblad Explorer', joins with his passengers in a shipboard celebration to mark a successful attempt to reach the north magnetic pole.

Ornithologist Roger Petersen views the Arctic scene from an iceberg.



stop in Canada. Then she sailed north, skirting the pack ice, to anchor off the settlement of Pond Inlet where the passengers had an opportunity to go ashore, shop at the local craft shop, and record the local scene with their cameras. Westward at Baillarge Bay off Admiralty Inlet another stop was made for what the tour planners called a 'tundra ramble'. This was followed by a visit to the community of Arctic Bay.

The ship then moved as close to the north magnetic pole as ice and land would permit. Here, it took a deal of talking to convince some passengers that the magnetic pole was not something that could be seen, photographed, and identified as such.

One highlight of the voyage was a visit to Erebus Bay off the southwest corner of Devon Island where, for 155 years, the brooding cliffs of Beechy Island and Cape Riley have been silent witnesses to much of man's polar ambitions and frustrations.

No sooner had the *Explorer* anchored in the bay than a fleet of rubber Zodiacs powered by outboard motors steered for the shore, and presently red-coated visitors dotted the landscape as they spread out in search of historical landmarks.

Atop the 600-foot cliff of Beechy and plainly visible from seaward is the Franklin cairn, a ten-foot pyramid of rocks surmounted by a mast to which two rusting drums still cling. On the terraced beaches far below

Arctic hares during the mating season, Devon Island.

A family of muskoxen, inland Devon Island.

Captain Pullen examines the record he left in the marker erected by HMCS 'Labrador' in 1956 when he was in command.

'Lindblad Explorer' takes on 200 tons of diesel fuel at Faeringerhavnen, West Greenland, before the cruise.

stand a number of mouldering relics all with stories to tell: the Franklin Memorial, a white marble slab sent out from England in 1855 by Lady Jane Franklin; the skeleton of Northumberland House built by Commander W. J. S. Pullen of HMS *North Star* during the Belcher Expedition of 1852-54; the mast of the *Mary*, all that remains of a 12-ton yacht left by Sir John Ross to be available to anyone in need; and of more recent vintage, a small triangular wooden frame recording the 1957 visit of the HMCS *Labrador*, then under my command.

The cruise was half over when the first polar bear sighting was made. This occurred during a serious lecture on arctic botany to a full house in the ship's lecture room. When the loud-speakers blared the news that a bear was in sight dead ahead, the reaction was instantaneous, predictable, and chaotic. Ninety passengers made a drive for the exits, pushing over and around chairs, and within seconds only the lecturer remained, contemplating the wreckage of his discourse. Later at Radstock Bay, where two men from the Canadian Wildlife Service were conducting a polar-bear survey from a windy perch atop Caswall Tower, 640 feet above the sea, passengers learned that 85 polar bears had been sighted in the vicinity two days earlier. There was an understandable drop in interest in tundra rambling once this intelligence was circulated among the 'red-coats'.

At Dundas Harbour on Devon's eastern end, a few of the more athletic ramblers were rewarded with the spectacle of grazing muskoxen, but farther north, an attempt to reach Makinson Inlet was thwarted by ice. Heavy multi-year floes had been driven in by easterly winds and the ship experienced great difficulty in trying to penetrate this formidable barrier. She soon had to retreat and there were anxious hours of ship-handling before the *Explorer* extricated herself with new dimples in her plating, but with rudder and propeller intact.

Further stops were made along the west Greenland coast until the cruise ended as it had begun at Søndrestrømfjord. It had been an eventful three weeks. Bird lovers had identified and photographed numerous species – only the rare Ross's Gull was missing from the list. Botanists had been delighted and surprised by the variety of plant life, and all were impressed by the animals – particularly the bears – and by the magnificence of Baffin Bay's cathedral-type icebergs.

The venture demonstrated that a ship has to be the best means of transporting a group of sightseers to the Arctic – safely, comfortably, without harm to the environment and without disruption of settlement life.◆

At the age of 96, Catharine Parr Traill was recognized for her work as a naturalist in pioneer Ontario.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA

CATHARINE PARR TRAILL

A Nineteenth-Century Ontario Naturalist

BY ELIZABETH MacCALLUM

IN JULY 1893 Catharine Parr Traill was assisted from a boat onto a small island in Stony Lake near Peterborough. She carefully climbed the uneven ground on gout-ridden legs up to the cottage which her daughter Kate Traill had recently purchased. The building was typical of the time and place – a small wood house with a pointed roof and dormer window, the interior darkened by a surrounding verandah.

At the time Mrs Traill reached the summer home on Minnewawa Island she was 91 and rheumatism had curbed her agility, but she did not allow her lofty age to restrict her to a life of contemplation from the porch. Although friends of all ages enjoyed the view with her there in the fragrant shade, Mrs Traill took advantage of the summer weather to continue gathering ferns and flowers. These were among the final specimens added to her already notable collection.

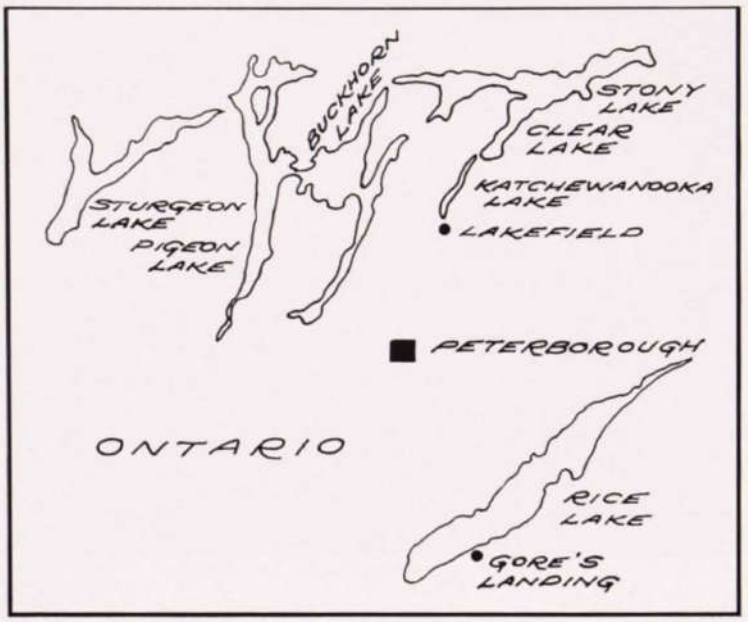
Along with her writings as a naturalist – the books *Canadian Wild Flowers* and *Studies of Plant Life in Canada* – her dried plants provide a documentation of the botany of Ontario a century ago. When Mrs Traill was 96, the importance of her work was recognized by a testimonial from admirers who included Lord Lansdowne, Sir Sandford Fleming, George Grant, and James Fletcher. Enhanced by a considerable sum from 10 Downing Street, the gift rescued the honoured lady from dire financial straits.

Today, Mrs Traill often rates only a parenthetical reference as the sister of Suzanna Moodie who recounted with her sharp pen the adventures and misadventures of 'roughing it in the bush'. While the Moodie writings strike a sympathetic chord, Catharine's work presents a remarkable saga of coping with life in the backwoods of Canada and flourishing and revelling there. In her own fashion she established a mystic communion with nature in the wilds, based on a complex appreciation of its aesthetic, ecological, and moral values. Her strong convictions are impressive for their certitude and insight.

Despite the changing economic conditions of the early nineteenth century Mrs Traill had a secure childhood, not unusual for families of country gentry. She was born in London, England, 1802, the daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Strickland, but grew up in Reydon Hall, near Norwich, where she was educated by her father and imbued with his profound love of nature.

Mr. Strickland was an enlightened man who had little trouble reconciling new knowledge with old beliefs. This obviously impressed Catharine, as one discovers when perusing the shaky prolific notes of her old age:

The author is researcher and writer for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's 'Nature of Things' and 'Science Magazine'.



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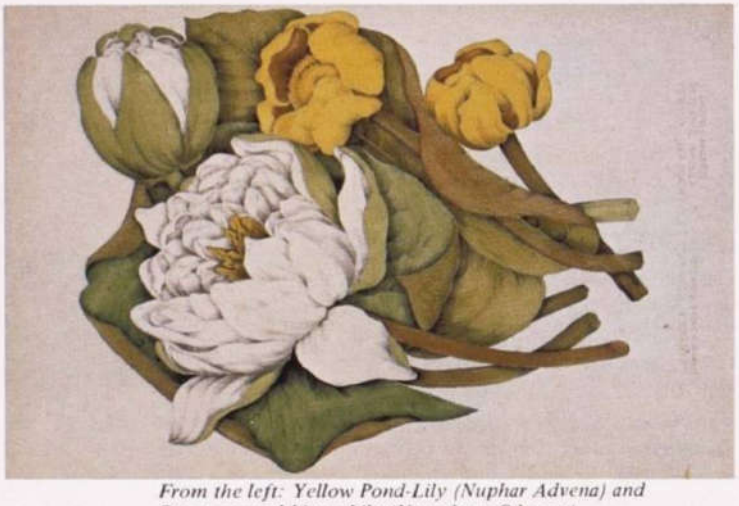
From the left: Yellow Adder's Tongue (Erythronium Americanum), Large White Trillium (Trillium Grandiflorum) and Wild Columbine (Aquilegia Canadensis).



From the left: Yellow Pond-Lily (Nuphar Advena) and Sweet-scented Water-Lily (Nymphaea Odorata).

After the death of her husband Mrs Traill published her more important works. 'Canadian Wild Flowers' appeared in 1869 with these illustrations by her niece Agnes Moodie Fitzgibbon. A first or second edition of this rare book in good condition is now valued at $400.

From the left: Small Cranberry (Vaccinium Oxycoccus); Larger Blue Flag (Iris Versicolor); Larger Yellow Lady's Slipper (Cypripedium Pubescens); and Smaller Lady's Slipper (Cypripedium Parviflorum).

I remember listening with interest to discussions that were carried on between a certain old Doctor Lewis and my father on the theory of the formation of the globe as it was and is. And often the old doctor got very warm on the subject. He was too conservative to be very liberal and my father was too imaginative and often there were quick passages as at arms between them. But it was only wordy warfare – in which . . . we took our father's arguments as truths – not to be disputed.
While the Doctor held firmly to the mosaic chronology of the days of Creation being days of twenty-four hours – My father regarded time as unmeasured periods – not marked or divided by our present mode of reckoning. The solar light not then having been appointed to chronical time, dividing it into days, months and years.

Most of the Strickland girls wrote stories although such an unladylike pursuit was actively discouraged. Agnes, the eldest surviving child, wrote voluminous tomes about the Queens of England and Scotland. Catharine, like the others, began by writing moralistic tales for boys and girls. *The Blind Highland Piper and other Tales,* her first published work, appeared in 1823 when she was 21 under an assumed name. In a more ambitious project, *The Young Emigrants or Pictures of Canada Calculated to Amuse and Instruct the Minds of Youth,* Catharine attempted a portrayal of life in Canada as seen through the letters of a young man to his sister back home. Despite all her diligent research the author's naiveté was obvious. Her hero wrote 'There was not even a *wild rose* on the estate when we first came; but thanks to Agnes' care, we now have two fine monthly rose-trees, in full bloom growing against our rustic porch.' By late 1832, Mrs Traill had learned that any rose bush would be a luxury, and that the 'rustic porch' would be known in the new country as a 'stoop'.

The Strickland emigration began in 1825. Samuel, aged 20, left for Upper Canada and Thomas, his younger brother, left for India. In 1832 when Catharine's younger sister Suzanna and her husband John W. Dunbar Moodie (an adventurer and perpetual loser) were preparing to follow Samuel, Catharine married Moodie's friend, Thomas Traill, an aristocratic widower from the Orkneys. Having mismanaged his affairs, Thomas was confined to living on retired military pay; he decided to join the others at Lakefield.

When the ships arrived at Gros Isle downstream from Quebec, the immigrants were confined for several days, either aboard ship or in the quarantine camp, because of cholera. On the instructions of the doctor, Mrs Traill remained aboard the *Laurel*. 'A few hours after his visit, however, an Indian basket, containing strawberries and raspberries, with a large bunch of wildflowers, was sent on board for me, with the surgeon's compliments.' She contracted cholera in Montreal, her first trial, but after recovering was eager to continue her journey up the St Lawrence.

Even before she reached Lakefield, Catharine wrote that she was starting a *hortus siccus* – a collection of dried plants – for her sister Eliza, and lamented her past reticence to accept sisterly lessons in flower painting. Her letters devoted much space to the description of

METROPOLITAN TORONTO LIBRARY BOARD

'As soon as the business of dairy is over, I fill my apron with dross corn and attended by my little maid Flora, go to my Poultry yard.' This fanciful glimpse of pioneer life is from 'The Young Emigrants', written by Catharine seven years before she arrived in the Ontario wilderness.

'Reydon Hall' near Norwich, England, where Mrs Traill spent her early years.

'Westove' the Lakefield home where Mrs Traill lived for nearly forty years after the death of her husband. Her daughter, Kate Traill, is seated on the porch.

CHRIST CHURCH MUSEUM, LAKEFIELD

flowers and ferns, and from her correspondence, she began to compile *The Backwoods of Canada.* It was published in 1836.

Her enthusiasm for the new land was charming but the unexpected severity of pioneer life was a constant theme of her writing. Catharine's literary ear relished new Canadian terms; yet there was a light undercurrent of British condescension to 'rustic' words: 'bee', 'stoop', 'fix', and 'creek'. She quickly accustomed herself to their rough applications.

The Traill building bee was a success. Catharine was impressed with the rapport among the men of different classes, who all worked together to erect the Traill's first shelter. Although she retained many of the notions of class which she had grown up with, she was open to the benefits of Canadian egalitarianism. She described her reaction to her new home in a restrained fashion:

> I . . . was sorely puzzled, as it presented very little appearance of a house. It was merely an oblong square of logs raised one above the other, with open spaces between every row of logs.

By the time they moved in, she could joke about it. Their helper, she wrote 'called it a "moving bee"; I said it was a "fixing bee" and my husband said it was a "settling bee"; I know we were unsettled enough till it was over.' Catharine herself was pleased with the house but anticipated her correspondents' horror at the crude conditions. She explained 'it is as good as, under existing circumstances, we could have' and then continued on to describe the delights of her latest botanical, zoological, and sociological discoveries.

The first few years for the Traills were difficult and exhausting but Catharine adapted well, unlike her sister Suzanna who spent a great deal of energy trying to obtain the respect she felt due to her from her socially inferior neighbours. In contrast, within two years Catharine wrote to her mother that in such a pleasant rural society, she did not miss the social life of towns.

Her enthusiasm, however, was tempered by an occasional downbeat comment:

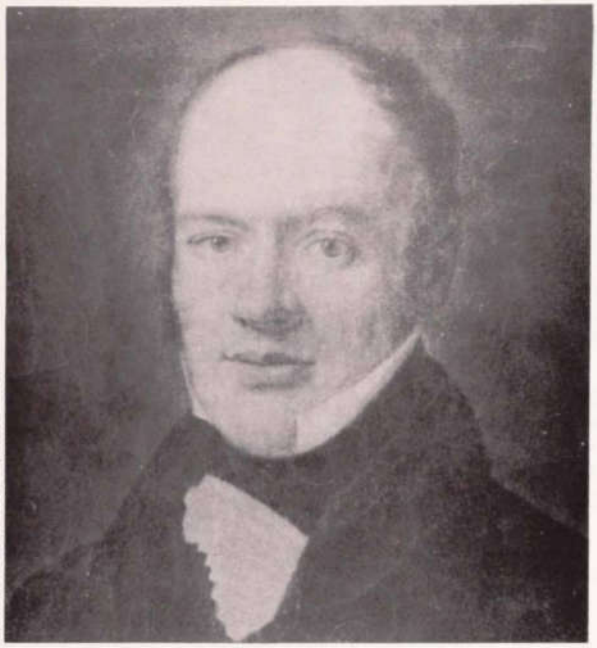
> The last week has born the gloomy character of November in England and might almost tempt people if they had but time to spare to hang or drown themselves.

Such thoughts were much more common to her husband Thomas although he would never allow himself the luxury of humour in his depression. His journals, dwelling at length on his inadequacies, lacked the resiliency of his wife's. Nor did Traill ever achieve the success of his brother-in-law, Samuel Strickland, who became a leading farmer and developer in Lakefield.

The Traills toiled at Lakefield for seven years and then, in 1839, moved to Peterborough. There, life was no more prosperous but Catharine used the time to read Pursh's book on botany, though this necessitated the study of Latin. At 50, Thomas decided to farm again, this time near Gore's Landing on Rice Lake, southeast of Peterborough.

The Rice Lake years proved easier than the early days at Lakefield, although Catharine was weak when she arrived – forty-two years of age, with her eighth child, a babe in arms. Soon she was 'revelling in this rich and rare garden of Nature's own planting' and becoming increas-

Thomas Traill.



CHRIST CHURCH MUSEUM, LAKEFIELD

ingly systematic in her botanical collection. In 1857, Thomas recorded in his diary the disastrous end to the Rice Lake venture:

> At five o'clock this morning Mrs T. woke me, saying the house was on fire. I had barely time to awake the sleepers upstairs . . . I am so thankful that our lives were saved, particularly our dear Walter whose room was full of smoke when he was called, that I hardly regret what is lost. Thanks to God for all his mercies!

Historically, the tragedy of the fire was the destruction of Mrs Traill's specimens: ferns, grasses, and flowers gathered and carefully preserved for twenty-five years. Personally, it signalled the end of Thomas's struggle. He died a few years later. Catharine bore the burden of the fire and her husband's resulting death with fortitude, as she had coped with other sorrows throughout the years:

> This day we . . . paid the last tribute of love and respect to the mortal remains of our beloved husband and father . . . Many trials, much suffering, much hardship has been my lot since the eventful hour that I became his wife but let me as a wife and

Catharine Traill's brother, Samuel Strickland (right foreground with cane) became a leading farmer and developer in the Lakefield area. His homestead is in the background; Mrs Traill sits on the grass with a child in her arms.

GEORGE N. DOUGLAS, LAKEFIELD

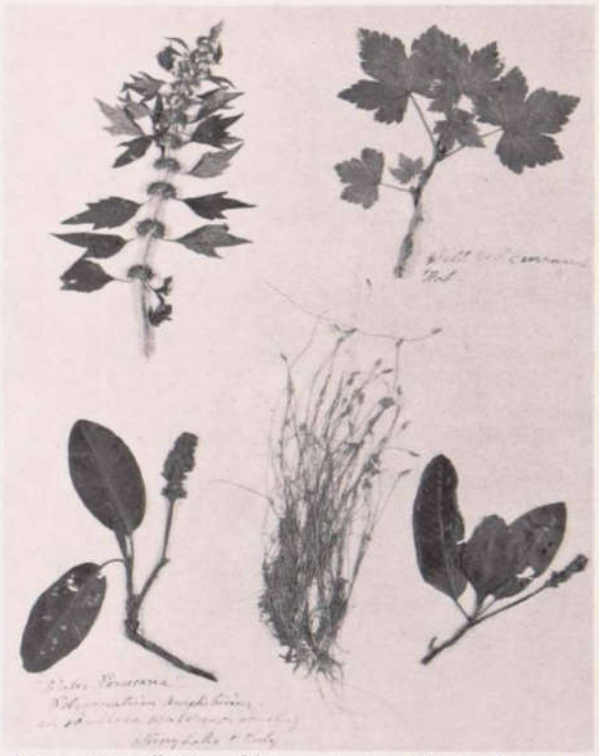
At her Lakefield home in the 1860s, Catharine Traill (left) wrote her most valuable books. The woman seated beside her is believed to be her sister, Suzanna Moodie.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES

now a widow bear testimony to my dear husband's worth – with some faults of nervous irritability of constitution – he was a true-hearted loyal gentleman, faithful indeed, and in a word, a kind and benevolent disposition.

Mrs Traill survived her husband by nearly forty years and these years were productive. Her brother, Samuel Strickland, took her in and helped her build 'Westove', her new Lakefield home. To its building Catharine contributed funds from the English sales of her dried flowers. Although she had published another book while at Rice Lake – *The Canadian Settlers Guide, a Manual of Canadian Housewifery* – and various essays for magazines and journals, her most important works were published after Thomas died. *Canadian Wild Flowers,* with the charming, if occasionally inaccurate, illustrations painted by her niece Agnes (Suzanna's daughter), appeared in 1869; *Studies of Plant Life in Canada,* a more serious study, appeared in 1885. Her last substantial work, *Pearls and Pebbles,* was the recollections of a decidedly aged naturalist. Her increased literary and botanical endeavours may have been the culmination of years of experience, but one wonders whether Thomas's death did not give her freedom to get on with the business at hand.

Mrs Traill never became wealthy. Even when she was a recognized naturalist, she took in mending to earn money and was frequently spared severe hardship by gifts of food from friends and by parcels from home. The Lakefield area was prospering, in part due to Strickland enterprise, but commodities were still scarce for Mrs Traill. She used cardboards from cloth samples



NATIONAL MUSEUMS OF CANADA

An extensive collection of ferns, grasses, and plants collected and labelled by Mrs Traill is held by the National Museums of Canada in Ottawa.

to press her plants when she had nothing else, and in the earlier years, she (and many like her) wrote letters with the lines of words going horizontally, then vertically, and sometimes diagonally on top of that. Nevertheless, her winters in 'Westove' and her summers at Minnewawa were the most comfortable of her life, except for the increasing rheumatic pain which came with old age.

Physically her constitution was extraordinary; mentally her fortitude was even more impressive. From the beginning, while slogging through the mud on the way to Peterborough, sleeping on the floors of inns, travelling in carts that collapsed, and listening to disgruntled Englishmen who had failed to make the grade in Canada, Catharine looked objectively at the new country.

> Much less is done with this romantic situation that might be effected [she commented on viewing the heights of Point Levis, Québec] if good taste were exercised in the buildings, and on the disposal of the ground . . . Nature has done all, and man but little.

Sometimes, however, even nature disappointed her. Mrs Traill had expected the forests to be more majestic and hoary than she found them at first glance. She came to respect their power when their inexperienced guide completely lost his way going to Lakefield, not knowing that the thickest bush grows nearest the shoreline.

The forests presented the major challenge to settlers for until land was cleared nothing could be built or planted. Once the trees were cut, the stumps remained – an insult to the eye – until they rotted away with time. Catharine abhorred them. She had hoped in vain to maintain a few trees for their shade and beauty in the open by the house, but this was not possible because of the crude methods of clearing the land. To most pioneers trees had only a nuisance value, for much energy was necessarily devoted to their destruction.

Mrs Traill understood the close relationship among growing things. She wrote of the oak tree – *The Lofty and the Lowly; or, The Oak and its Dependents* – that the men cut down, ignorant of the tree's importance to the forest. Even the plants and animals had failed to appreciate the old oak until its shade, nourishment, and shelter were gone. In the midst of the desperate struggle of the pioneers to clear land and grow crops, Mrs Traill mourned the destruction of the trees.

> O wail for the forest, the proud stately forest,
> No more its dark depths shall the hunter explore,
> For the bright golden grain
> Shall wave free o'er the plain,
> O wail for the forest, its glories are o'er.

The occupation of collecting flowers seems a more appropriate interest to a lady of Mrs Traill's era than ecology, but the seriousness of her botanical pursuits went beyond a genteel taste for floral beauty. She was interested in every aspect of the plant: its appearance, its medicinal and nutritional value, its life cycle and its relation to other flora and fauna. Her aesthetic appreciation of Nature extended beyond mere pleasure to the eye.

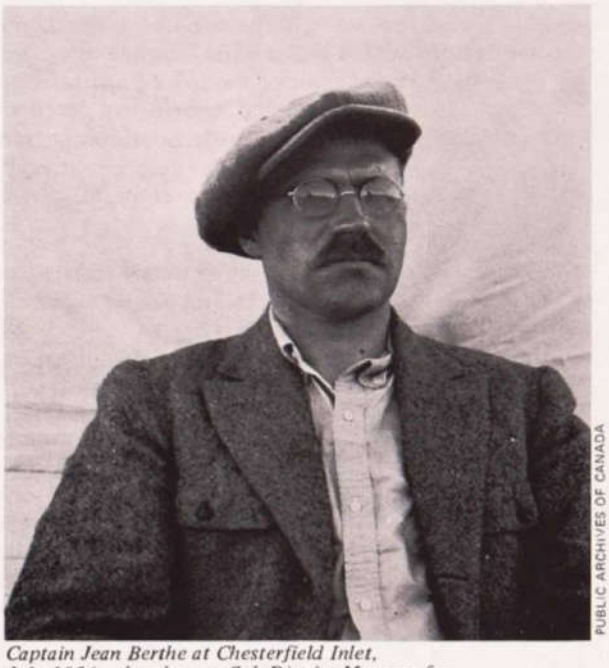
> The love of flowers is the first dawning of that higher inward life that is the gift of God to his creature man . . . Children always love flowers and these frail but lovely things are fitly chosen as emblems of life – He cometh up and is cut down like a flower – The grass withereth, the flower fadeth but the word of God continueth forever.

Catharine's beliefs, in a modified form, are not foreign to contemporary naturalists who clothe them in economic and rational camouflage. The excitement experienced by bird watchers sighting a rare species, or the delight of an amateur botanist finding the first fringed orchid of the season is the 'gladdening of the soul' which Catharine described. As one would expect, Mrs Traill attributes these feelings to God. The references in her papers to God and a Higher Being are notable both for their frequency and their fervour.

Her philosophy, her careful and extensive collection of mid-nineteenth century Ontario plants, and her writings all testify to the fact that Catharine Parr Traill was an extraordinary lady. Keeping her sights above the tree stumps and the swarms of bugs, she could enjoy the northern lights and the crystal clearness of the morning air. While dealing with a dreary husband, children and grandchildren, fires, pestilence, and poison ivy, she gathered her experiences and her flowers into a long remarkable life. She died peacefully in the summer of 1899 and was buried in the cemetery across the road from Christ Church in Lakefield. ◆

ARCTIC FUR TRADE RIVALRY

By A. Stevenson



PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA

Captain Jean Berthe at Chesterfield Inlet, July 1926, when he was Sub-District Manager for Revillon Frères, Repulse and Baker Lakes.

The post at Payne Bay was one of the buildings constructed in the Arctic by Revillon Frères and taken over by the H B C in 1936.

Mr Stevenson, chairman, NWT Historical Advisory Board, has been associated with the Eastern Arctic from his years as a fur trader in the 1930s to subsequent positions as federal Arctic administrator.

IN 1900 REVILLON FRERES, a fur-garment establishment with headquarters in Paris, France, decided to deal direct with the trapper and built a chain of fur-trade posts across northern Canada and in Siberia. The competition for furs between the Hudson's Bay Company and the 'Oui-Oui-Coots' – as the French traders were called by the Inuit of the Hudson Bay region – lasted for over thirty years, until the Company officially took over Revillon Frères in 1936.

Where the two companies had operated side by side, extra buildings became H B C warehouses or were dismantled and moved to more strategic trading locations. In the Ungava Bay region, a number of Revillon buildings were far superior to those owned by the Company. Here, the H B C traders moved in, put a new sign over the store and raised the Company flag.

Many of the Revillon traders were offered jobs with the Company. Some accepted; others left the North to make a living elsewhere, and one, Captain Jean Berthe, who had served for a period in the French Navy, decided to trade independently. He knew every Inuit community on the Arctic Quebec coast and, as a District Inspector for Revillon Frères, had made friends with many of the prominent hunters and trappers. He was confident that he could compete successfully with the H B C at some well-selected location along the coast.

In 1937, he returned to the Eastern Arctic aboard a Newfoundland vessel, the *Bearcat*, and settled on the shore of Burgoyne Bay, some 21 miles south of Cape Prince of Wales on the south shore of Hudson Strait. It was rumoured that he would move to another location along the Arctic Quebec coast when the *Bearcat* arrived in the summer of 1938 with additional equipment and trading supplies.

In Winnipeg, headquarters for the Company in Canada, Fur Trade Commissioner Ralph Parsons and District Manager J. W. Anderson devised a plan to compete with Berthe and protect the Company's monopoly of the Eastern Arctic trade. It was decided to send three small trading outfits, with goods and enough lumber to erect a combined dwelling, store and warehouse, north on the Company's supply ship *Nascopie*. These outfits would be put off the *Nascopie* at three different locations along the Arctic Quebec coast and loaded onto 30-foot Peterhead boats. The boats were to lie at anchor with a trader standing by until the location of Berthe's post was known. Then the trader nearest to Berthe was to weigh anchor and build either right beside him or at a point that the Inuit trappers would have to pass to reach his post.

The three outfits were known as U-X, U-Y, and U-Z, the U signifying Ungava District. Outfit U-Y was

LORNE SQUIRE

From his quarters aboard the 'Nascopie', District Manager J. W. Anderson directed the plan to compete with Berthe and protect the Company's monopoly of the Eastern Arctic trade.

assigned to lanky John Stanners, one of the most taciturn traders in the Arctic. He was to take the H B C schooner *Nanuk* with outfit U-Y from Lake Harbour on south Baffin Island across Hudson Strait to the Payne Bay area of Ungava Bay. Bruce Campbell (who later wrote *Where the High Winds Blow*) was left at Wolstenholme at the western end of Hudson Strait with Outfit U-Z. I, then an apprentice clerk with three years of experience behind me, was assigned to Outfit U-X.

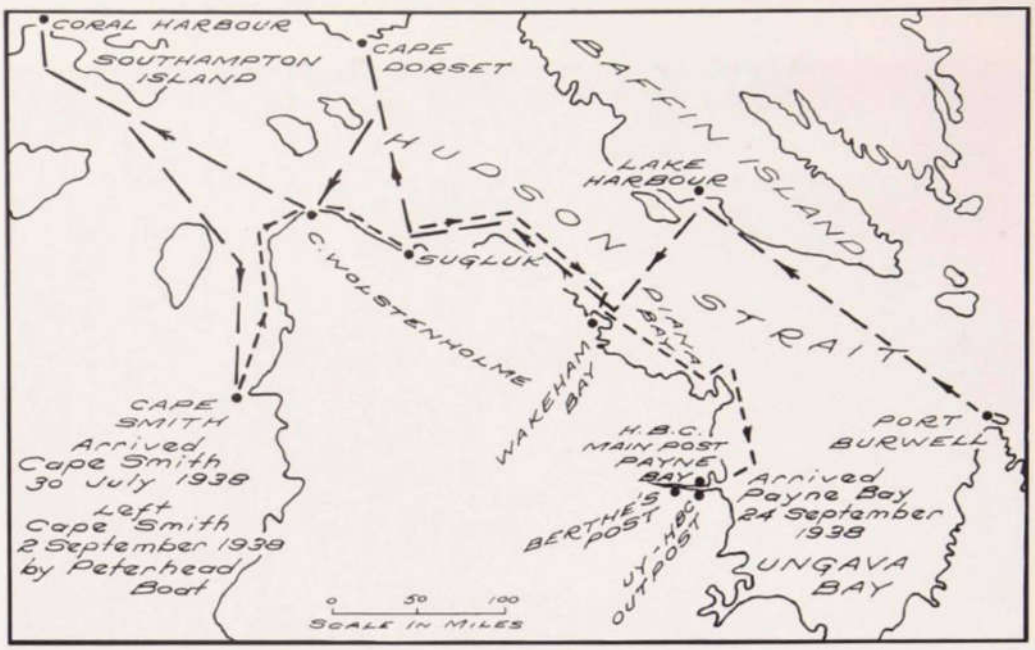
I joined the *Nascopie* at Port Burwell, and on board was briefed by District Manager J. W. Anderson. He told me that I would be put off with my outfit at the Cape Smith post on the east coast of Hudson Bay. There the Post Manager was Gordon Webster, one of the first traders to be trained in handling the newly-established commercial short-wave radio stations. Cape Smith CZ47 was the second station to be established; the radio set had been installed the previous summer and Mr Webster would therefore be able to keep in touch with the *Nascopie* through the federal Department of Transport station on Nottingham Island.

I went ashore at Cape Smith; the *Nascopie* sailed on to Port Harrison and then crossed Hudson Bay to Churchill before heading north to the Baffin Island posts. While I waited further instructions at Cape Smith I helped Abram Bromfield, interpreter and assistant to Mr Webster, unpack the supplies left by the *Nascopie*. I also checked and loaded outfit U-X aboard a Peterhead boat owned by Koomuk, captain of a three-man Inuit crew. We prepared to set sail immediately, should Berthe appear in the Cape Smith region.

After about three weeks a message came from Mr Anderson who was still aboard the *Nascopie*. I was to sail with the building supplies and trading goods to Wolstenholme, nearly 175 miles north. There I would receive further instructions.

We left in fog and a slight drizzle on the morning of 2 September, using both sails and engine. The three-man crew headed the Peterhead north, dodging the pans of ice that appeared from time to time along the bleak shores of Hudson Bay. After some six to eight hours of steady sailing, we entered Kovik Bay where we would anchor overnight. One of the crew spotted the small black head of a seal in the reasonably calm waters, raised his rifle, and shot it. Koomuk brought the Peterhead alongside and another crew member leaned over and caught the animal with a hooked pole. That evening we had fresh seal liver, cooked over the primus stove in the small fo'c's'le.

Before dawn we were on our way again. There was a slight chop to the water, but the skies were bright and visibility good. To port, we could see the outline of Mansel Island where the abandoned buildings of an



The author on board the 'Therese' on the way from Wolstenholme to Wakeham Bay.

FATHER GIRARD

earlier H B C post still stood. We passed close to the large Inuit community at Ivugivik some 15 miles south of Cape Wolstenholme and sailed through the narrows between the Cape and Digges Island. Rounding Cape Wolstenholme, which marks the western limit of the southern side of Hudson Strait, we ran into Erik Cove, an inlet about three miles deep and one and a half miles wide at the entrance. Here cliffs rose more than 1,000 feet and at the head of the inlet on a gravelly sand spit we saw the white, red-roofed buildings of the Wolstenholme post.

Post Manager Bert Swaffield, his apprentice Ian Smith, and Bruce Campbell who had been waiting here with Outfit U-Z, greeted me. The news was that Jean Berthe had gone into Ungava Bay and that John Stanners (Outfit U-Y) was building near him. I was to turn over my outfit to Bert Swaffield and to take passage to Wakeham Bay aboard the Roman Catholic Mission schooner *Therese*. From there, I was to continue east to Ungava Bay by the H B C schooner *Nanuk* to help John Stanners. Bruce Campbell was to board the *Therese* as well and go south for a furlough.

Shortly before noon on Monday, 12 September, the *Therese* from the mission at Ivugivik appeared, pitching and tossing, off the head of the harbour. Post Manager Swaffield had two row-boats launched, and we were taken out with all our personal luggage to meet her. She did not drop anchor, but steamed past just slowly enough for us to pull alongside and struggle up the gangplank with our gear. In a matter of minutes she turned and headed out to Hudson Strait.

As the *Therese* rolled east, I spent many pleasant hours talking to the ship's purser. Father Prime Girard, who had devoted some 40 years to his work in

Arctic Canada. He was a talented artist and a number of his drawings adorned the mission house at Pond Inlet where I first met him in 1935.

Some sixty miles along the strait, on 14 September, we stopped briefly at the small community of Sugluk. Captain Cox had decided that the *Therese* was riding too high, and sent the scows ashore to take on stones and water for ballast. Then we continued on another hundred miles to Wakeham Bay. The tides were strong and high along that part of the coast, and the scows were soon in action, carrying supplies ashore to Fathers Faford and Steinman at the Wakeham Bay mission.

Anchored in the Bay was the H B C schooner *Nanuk* and I boarded her for the next part of my trip down the coast. We had no sooner cleared what we thought were the last of the shoals and irregular depths of Wakeham Bay than we bumped across a hidden ledge into deep water. The skipper Annurak attempted to start the engine but there was no driving power; we had lost the propeller. Annurak seemed in no way concerned: He had no spare propeller but assured me several times that there was *anoo-ria-luk* – lots of wind. He had the sails raised on the foremast and mainmast and we were soon scudding smoothly along. Presently one of the crew appeared from the galley and gave me a steaming mug of tea and two hardtack biscuits. I sat on deck amidships, surveying the arctic coast of Quebec on the starboard and the salty water of Hudson Strait to port. Ahead and to the port side I saw what I thought was an island until it slowly submerged, then reappeared moments later. We passed close to a whale – a Greenland Right Whale about 50 feet long – as it lay in the water unperturbed, its warm misty breath spraying from dual blow holes. When we had almost passed him he quietly submerged again.

At Diana Bay, Post Manager Len Coats told me that I would leave for Payne Bay by Peterhead boat and that he would be coming to do business with Post Manager Wilfred Swaffield. During my two-day stay Mr Coats showed me two abandoned shacks that had been occupied by Herbert Hall, an independent trader. Earlier in the summer when the *Nascopie* had called at Wakeham, Hall had been brought aboard to see the ship's physician. He was a giant of a man, over six feet tall and weighing nearly 300 pounds. His father had been a former H B C Fur Trade Commissioner and he himself had risen in the ranks to District Inspector. After some differences of opinion with Company officers he had gone on his own and had established two posts: one at Diana Bay and the other at Sugluk under charge of Solomon Ford from the Labrador. Suffering from a condition that had paralyzed one side, Hall had been swung aboard in the *Nascopie's* motor boat, taken to Churchill and then by rail to The Pas, Manitoba, for treatment. He had been a powerful man and his feats of strength and endurance were legendary among the Eskimo people. It was said that in his prime he could lift a 45-gallon drum filled with gasoline from a scow onto a wharf.

RICHARD STERLING FINNIE

Trader Herbert Hall at Sugluk in the summer of 1937.

The Company's Peterhead boat, under sail on her way from Diana to Payne Bay.

The settlement of Payne Bay as it was in September 1944.

The canvas-covered shacks that he left at Diana Bay had few comforts. As a independent trader, he told the Inuit that a monopoly by the Company would not be to their advantage. They must have believed him, for I was told that they always brought him a portion of their furs, regardless of what the tariff was, or the availability of trading goods.

On September 22 the Peterhead was available. We sailed the final 100 miles south to Payne Bay and anchored as close as possible to the main Company buildings in Kanik Cove. By this time I had been travelling up and down the Arctic Quebec coast as part of the Berthe 'operation' for nearly three months.

In the living quarters of the main post at Payne Bay, I sat down with Post Manager Wilfred Swaffield and John Stanners, who had come from the new outpost directly across the river. It had been decided that I was to work on both sides of the river, depending on where my services were needed. Stanners had completed the building and was trading some sealskins. The white fox season would soon be under way, but signs were that the year would not be a favourable one.

John Stanners explained that when he was looking for a site for the outpost, he had gone seven miles up river to where Berthe had built. It was a difficult place to discharge cargo because of tides and high winds, so he had chosen to build on the shore opposite to the main post. Trappers travelling west by dog-team or boat would then have to pass either the Company's main post or the new outpost to reach Berthe.

Until December 16, I travelled back and forth across the river doing the many tasks that apprentice clerks were given in those days: cutting ice for winter use, banking the house with snow for added insulation, and working in the store. Through the autumn we did not see any sign of Berthe, but we heard that he had erected a small house and store similar to our outpost, and was operational. Some of the hunters claimed that he was giving them every encouragement to trade, and was offering larger advances than either the Company's main post or the outpost. This led to some dissension and Mr Swaffield spent many hours talking with the hunters.

While the ice was forming on the river, I got together a dog-team and, with two of the Inuit, set traps inland towards Payne Lake. I had been trapping for about a month – with poor returns – when I asked Mr Swaffield if he had any objection to my taking a run up the river to see Berthe. Post Manager Swaffield was a kindly person; he agreed to my visit, asked me to extend his compliments to Berthe, and to invite him to join us at the main post for Christmas Day.

I had no difficulty finding Berthe's small establishment up the river where he welcomed me with Gallic charm. Berthe was a fine looking man, and even in the Barrens, where we dressed for warmth rather than appearance, it seemed to me that his clothes were of good quality and well cut. I noted that his shelves were bare of trading goods, and as I knew there was little fur being trapped, I asked him how it was that he was short of goods so early in the season. He did not hesitate to answer this – and many other questions. I am certain he never thought of me as a competitor searching out information, but rather as a naive young man with an insatiable curiosity. He took me around behind the counter and there underneath it were his cases and crates of goods. 'I have the goods' he explained. 'I know what the Eskimos want – and if they bring me furs, then I'll trade them for what they need.'

Later in the evening, Berthe prepared an appetizing meal from unusual canned foods – the like of which we never saw on shelves at the 'Bay' – and served it with a bottle of French wine. I spent a memorable night, listening to him tell, with a colourful Parisian accent, tales that he had gathered over twenty years of trading in and

John Stanners and author Alex Stevenson at Payne Bay outpost.

The Payne Bay outpost that was operated near Berthe's post during the winter of 1938-39.

out of the Canadian Arctic. Despite his bare and austere surroundings, it seemed to me that he was living in a highly civilized manner. He declined the invitation to join us at Christmas, for he was planning his own celebrations.

Two days before Christmas, John Stanners came over from the outpost with the furs he had collected to date. We would bale them with those from the main post and ship them south in the summer. Inuit families were coming in from nearby camps, and by Christmas Eve there were some 65 people around us, living in snow houses. The quiet of the small community was broken by the howling of husky dogs,and the voices of men and women as they exchanged news. We celebrated Christmas with a rifle-shooting competition, foot races and a contest of kicking a football across the snow. At one point in the day, a number of hunters approached Mr Swaffield and told him that if he did not provide beer they would go up the river to Berthe and take others with them. Berthe had promised them a feast, they said, and beer. Mr Swaffield, in his patient way, explained that he had no beer, either to give away or to sell. Presently the disagreement was forgotten and the celebrations continued. At night there was a dance in the warehouse, and a feast of seal meat, caribou, Arctic char, bannock and tea.

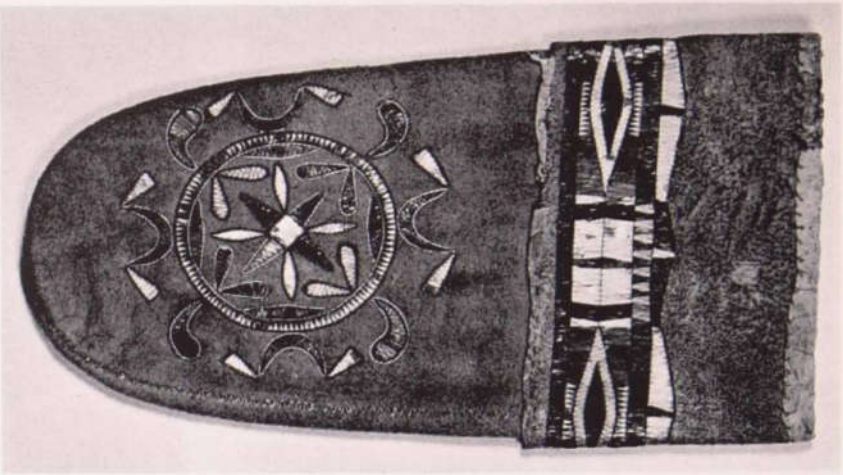
Following the holiday, I visited Berthe several times. He was always friendly – although he recalled earlier days when there had been bitter rivalry. Then teams of traders from one company or the other would leave hours before daylight with trade goods, to intercept hunters coming in from their camps with furs.

The winter passed, and returns were poor. The natural fox cycle that peaked about every four years – one season after the lemming year – did not seem to be following its usual pattern. We were getting few foxes at either the main post or the outpost, but Berthe was getting even less. We later learned that it had been a bumper year for fur in the Cape Smith region where I was to have built beside him. If he had gone there, both of us undoubtedly would have done well.

In the middle of February 1939, Captain Berthe made his first and only visit to our main post. He had heard that Mr Swaffield was sending messages out to Leaf River, one hundred miles to the southeast, where the Company had a private commercial radio set. Although Mr Swaffield extended the warmest hospitality Berthe only spent about two hours at the post, prepared his messages, and left.

Then, with Sacarcay, one of the most skilful of the Payne Bay hunters, I took the messages out by dog-team to Post Manager Bill Calder (Uee-ta-kad-luk – the Laughing One) at Leaf River. Among the messages that Mr Calder handed to me to carry back to Payne Bay was one from District Manager J. W. Anderson in Winnipeg. Mr Swaffield was to close down the outpost now that the trapping season was ended and Stanners and I were to travel to Fort Chimo by dog-team before the spring breakup. From there, when the ice was cleared out of the Koksoak river and broken up in Payne Bay, we were to go by Peterhead boat up to Burwell to rendezvous once again with the *Nascopie*.

I never saw Berthe again. With the threat of war in Europe the price of furs dropped. He had sustained two years' loss and was unable to obtain further financial backing. When I returned to Canada from overseas at the end of hostilities, I heard that Captain Berthe had died during the war while working in the shipyards at St. John's, Newfoundland. Ships were his love, as was the North and I remember him warmly for his hospitality. The Bay traders: Wilf Swaffield, John Stanners and, most recently, Gordon Webster, have passed away and with them the memories of many years of Arctic fur-trade experience. ◆



A skin mitten, quillwork-decorated in the early Eastern Sioux semi-floral style, c. 1840. Collection of the National Museum of Man, Ottawa.

Métis Artisans

By T. J. BRASSER

Dr Brasser, Plains Ethnologist with the National Museum of Man, was associated with the Dutch National Museum of Ethnology until 1970. He played an important role in the acquisition of the German Speyer collection of Indian artifacts by the National Museums of Canada in 1973.

IT IS GENERALLY BELIEVED that the decorative art of the Plains Indians had a predominantly geometric character. Each tribe in its own way experimented with straight lines, zigzags, triangles, and rectangles in the creation of porcupine-quill and bead-work patterns. Floral art designs, frequently to be seen in museum collections and still popular in the native communities, have been considered a disturbing factor, variously explained as an import of either European or Great Lakes Indian origin. In the latter case it is argued that the Indians of the Great Lakes region had always expressed their artistic creativity in floral decorative patterns; and in either case the diffusion of this art style was left to one's own imagination.

Floral art in quillwork was taken up by some Minnesota Sioux and their Assiniboine relatives in the 1830s, but the new patterns acquired their highest development in a distinct Sioux style after 1840, when the Yanktonai Sioux started to work in this fashion. The annual trade rendezvous of the various Sioux tribes facilitated the diffusion of the new ideas within this widespread nation. The Yanktonai appear to have specialized in the manufacture of skin coats, vests, and moccasins, richly decorated with quillwork. The stylized floral units, finer and more elegant than those of the Eastern Sioux, were combined with stars, hearts, and rectangles into large and intricate patterns, covering the front and back, collar and cuffs of the coats. No other quillwork showed a wider range of colours. Decorative apparel of this type became very popular among the Army officers, fur-traders, and trappers along the Missouri River; in 1843, John Audubon and his friends were presented with such coats at Fort Pierre, South Dakota. Few of the traders, however, would ever wear such costumes in Indian country; they had them made up before they went down to St. Louis on a spree.

Few scholars have tried to trace the origin of this floral style. It is always assumed that the Plains Cree played a major role in its spread among the northern Plains Indians. On closer examination, however, this assumption appears to be an over-simplified view of regional developments, which were as complex as the make-up of the regional population itself.

The Sioux Indians themselves associated their floral art with the Métis, many of whom married into the Sioux tribes during the 19th century. As engagés and buffalo hunters in the service of the North West and Hudson's Bay Companies and as 'Freemen' from Pembina, the lower Red River, and the Qu'Appelle, Métis had explored the north-eastern prairies and had been in continual contact with the Indians along the Missouri river since the 1790s. Hardly identifiable as yet

as a distinct ethnic group, these Métis often travelled in the company of their nearest relatives, the Western Ojibway and Plains Cree. The Western Ojibway were heavily mixed with Cree and with a variety of Indians who had come from the St Lawrence River and the eastern Great Lakes as peddlers and trappers for the fur trade; the Plains Cree maintained close liaison with the Assiniboine Indians. Both Western Ojibway and Plains Cree had only recently moved into the plains and they were still in the chaotic process of transforming their ancient Boreal Forest pattern of life into one effective in the environment of the Plains. Thus, it is clear why surviving Indian material from this region and period tends to defy all efforts to arrive at tribal identifications. We have to look beyond this confusion to discern the cultural origins of the three main groups.

The first thing that strikes us in studying earlier Indian craftwork from the north-eastern margins of Plains and Woodlands is the complete absence of floral decorations. Most artistic work predating A.D. 1800, whether painted on skin or executed in various quill-working techniques, consisted of geometric designs, in which the use of curves was restricted almost entirely to circles. Decoration on pottery fragments and woven bags as well as some early pictures and descriptions indicate this style to be a regional expression within an art tradition that originally extended east as far as the Maritimes and New England and was shared by both Algonkian- and Iroquoian-speaking populations. Restricted as they are to less perishable artifacts in their study, archaeologists are unable to draw a sharp line between Cree and Ojibway in northern Ontario, and the usual contacts between neighbouring groups make the existence of such a cultural borderline highly unlikely.

During the early decades of the 18th century, various Cree-speaking bands inhabited a vast region extending from James Bay to Lake of the Woods and the Winnipeg River, and one group ranged north of the Saskatchewan. They expressed their artistic ideas in woven quillwork, quillwrapped and looped fringes and, most commonly, in paintings on skin clothing. Both in quillwork and skin-painting the decorative patterns consisted of straight lines, zigzags, squares, triangles, and hour-glass designs though, in free-hand painting, circles and dots were added. Red, black, and yellow were the favourite colours, contrasting with the near-white surface of the unsmoked skin. The designs had religious symbolic meaning, surviving among the remote and isolated Naskapi up to the 20th century. The simple patterns were painted in horizontal bands around the sleeved shirts and long coats, and quillworked epaulettes were sewn on the shoulders. Epaulettes are to be found on a long shirt collected before 1656, thus making the conventional assumption of a European military origin of the feature debatable. The long straight coats, however, appear to be basically shirts with the front cut open, following the style of the coats worn by the early

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Skin coat in the Sioux or Métis style, as worn by trappers in the Upper Missouri River region. From an engraving by Hildebrand, c. 1850.

Swampy Cree Indian shot pouch, decorated with woven quillwork in quillwrapped fringe, c. 1820. Collection of the National Museum of Man, Ottawa.

WEST POINT MUSEUM

An Indian coat decorated with epaulettes is shown in this painting of the interior of a Red River tipi by Peter Rindisbacher, c. 1826.

European explorers. The novelty of coats as garments is reflected in the term 'coatmen' by which the Indians of the east coast referred to Europeans.

During the late 18th century the western Cree were rapidly adopting the typical Plains Indian dress of their Assiniboine friends. In the actual decoration of their costume, they appear to have maintained their ancient painted art style up to the 1820s. Then they rapidly adopted an early and naturalistic variety of the floral art tradition mentioned before. According to Plains Cree traditions, this floral art was introduced by the Métis.

Whereas the Métis acquired their ethnic identity in the Red River stage of the westward movement of the fur trade, the Ojibway emerged as a distinct tribal group one century earlier, when the trade was centred around Mackinac and Sault Ste Marie. Several local bands, originally living along the north shore of Georgian Bay and eastern Lake Superior, merged with the 'People of the Sault' after 1670. These bands were closely related in language and other aspects of their cultures and they were united in their desire to maintain their role as middlemen in the fur trade. In the course of this period, many French-Canadian voyageurs contributed to the gene pool of the Ojibway. Thus, in more than one respect, the early history of the Ojibway foreshadowed the subsequent emergence of the Métis.

Originating from this region in the first half of the 18th century are a number of painted and quillworked Indian artifacts that are preserved in European, American, and Canadian museums. Most outstanding in the decoration of these items is the painting on skin and the execution of designs in quillwrapped and netted fringe. Red and black predominate in the decorative patterns which were clearly derived from the same art tradition as those of the Cree. The complex compositions are characterized by a preference for long and narrow triangles, frequently arranged along castellated lines or combined into crosses, stars, and lozenges. The white background is usually covered with a fine network of yellow lines. Thunderbirds are often pictured on the netted fringe and the painted designs appear to have had symbolic meaning similar to those of the Cree. Woven quillwork does not seem to have been part of the early Ojibway repertoire, nor did they use skin coats. Instead, they used cloth coats, introduced by the fur traders.

During the early decades of the 18th century the Ojibway expanded their territory to the west and the focus of the fur trade gravitated first to Grand Portage on Lake Superior and subsequently to the lower Red River in present Manitoba. The Ojibway penetrated the territory of the Sioux west of Lake Superior and that of the Cree west of Lake Nipigon. Endless wars with the Sioux were the result but the low population pressure in the vast wilderness between Lake Nipigon and the Red River prevented such violent contacts with the regional Cree. Instead, there emerged after 1750 a mixed Cree-Ojibway population that has come to be known as the Northern Ojibway. This amalgamation is reflected in their language and in their art. It is in this context that I prefer to place a series of some fifteen long skin coats of

A painted skin pouch with a netted quillworked flap from the Great Lakes region c. 1730. Coll. Musée de l'Homme, Paris.

NATIONAL MUSEUMS OF CANADA, OTTAWA

rare beauty, which have survived the ravages of the years in European collections. Two of them were recently acquired by the National Museum of Man in Ottawa.

The decoration of this type of unsmoked moose-skin coats shows a merging of the Cree and Ojibway art styles and techniques. The painted patterns were arranged along the front opening, in wide bands along the bottom, and usually in a T-shaped column along the back. Woven quillwork epaulettes and quillwrapped fringe were most popular as shoulder decorations and one of these coats has an elaborate collar decoration of quillwrapped and netted fringe.

The documentation of these coats is meagre but there is evidence that they originated around 1780 from the so-called Northern Ojibway north of Lake Superior. At that time the Indian women in this region started to make an increasing amount of skin clothing to be used as merchandise in the fur trade. Chiefs and successful hunters, however, proudly donned red cloth and lace-decorated coats presented to them by the factors of the trading posts. By 1800, painted skin coats, particularly of the Red River region, were tailored in the same fashion as these cloth coats. It is on these later skin coats that the old painted patterns became increasingly mixed with the first floral designs. An example of this type, collected in 1821, is now preserved in the collections at Lower Fort Garry near Selkirk, Manitoba.

As we have seen, the floral art tradition, that went on to dominate the north-eastern plains, had its origins in the Red River region between 1800 and 1820. But who were the creators of this art? Certainly none of the regional Indian tribes were responsible. Nor were the traders nor the early Scottish farmers the most obvious sources of artistic creativity.

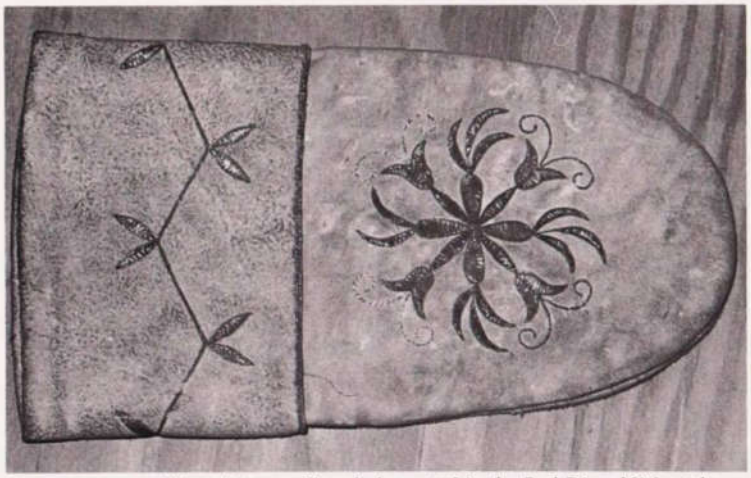
The Métis or 'Bois Brulés' came into being with the earliest contacts between the Europeans and the Indians and their numbers had steadily increased. Accepted in neither of their ancestral societies, their wandering life was bound up with the westward-moving frontier and the fur trade. The engagés of the fur companies formed unions with Indian women, and the crucial role played by the children of these unions as cultural and economic intermediaries between the natives and the new-comers has long since been recognized. Without their help the European expansion in Canada would probably have been as bloody as that in the United States. At Red River, on the edge of the forest, they were at home. Along the wide open horizon to the west, the buffalo herds that were to play a decisive role in the destiny of this new and truly Canadian race threw up

A skin coat painted in the earliest floral style of the Red River Métis, and acquired in 1821. From the Hudson's Bay Company Collection, Lower Fort Garry.

CHRIS GRANT

NEWBERRY LIBRARY COLLECTION, CHICAGO

A Red River Mètis, with his beadwork-decorated coat. From sketches by F. B. Mayer, 1851.



Skin mitten, quillwork-decorated in the Red River Mètis style, c. 1840. Collection of the National Museum of Man, Ottawa.

clouds of dust. Neither a stubborn extension of European civilization nor an unrealistic adaptation of tribal life, the Métis emerged as a distinct ethnic group with their nation's capital at Pembina.

Challenged by the far horizons to the west the Métis designed the famous Red River cart. Their language was a curious mixture of archaic French and Ojibway with some English; their music, rooted in French Canada but shaped by the wilderness, enlivened exhausting dances.

It is clear that the floral art style was taken up by the Métis in this period and reflected their emergence as a distinct ethnic group. Probably the 'Praying' or 'French' Iroquois and Nipissing among them were instrumental in this process, but further study is required to solve this and related questions. For some reason as yet unanswered, painting on skin rapidly disappeared after 1820 and the floral patterns were adapted to quill embroidery which was, in turn, replaced by silk and beads in the 1850s. Continuous artistic interaction was maintained between Cree, Métis, and Ojibway, but it is noticeable that there was a gradual shift from an Ojibway to a Cree focus in Métis art. This change appears to reflect the move of the Métis into Saskatchewan after 1870.

Through trade and intermarriage the Métis spread their art style across the north-eastern plains. In 1851, a group of Red River Métis was observed on the Missouri

A long painted coat of fabulous beauty that illustrates the merging of Cree and Ojibway styles. This coat is part of the German Speyer collection gathered together over a period of fifty years from European nobility and other sources by Berlin professor Arthur Speyer and his son. The collection was recently acquired by the National Museums of Canada.

River: 'All were dressed in bright colors, semi-European, semi-Indian in style – tobacco pouches, girdles, knife cases, saddles, shoes, and whips were elaborately decorated with glass beads, porcupine quills, feather quills, etc., in an artistic work done by their wives and sweethearts, but their clothes were of European rather than western cut'. In the same year, Frank Mayer, a wandering artist in Minnesota, reported that the Pembina Métis, 'produce the most beautiful work of beads, porcupine quills and silk with which they adorn leather coats, moccasins, pouches, saddles, etc. Until within a few years they have been entirely dependent on the Hudson's Bay Company for their supplies and trade, but of late have directed their attention to the settlements here, and have found it greatly to their advantage to do so, for their caravans or trains have annually increased in number, and now two hundred carts make up the yearly pilgrimage across the prairies, six hundred and fifty miles, to St Paul. They are laden with buffalo hides, pemmican . . . peltries, fur, embroidered leather coats, moccasins, saddles, etc. These they sell or exchange at St Paul and return again to their secluded homes.'

Only a few years later, these 'secluded homes' lay on the track of Sir John A. Macdonald's 'Imperial Highway' and the once-admired Métis became a disturbing factor in the development of Canada, and a haunting memory in its history. ◆

A knife sheath decorated in the Cree-Ojibway or Northern Ojibway style, with woven and netted quillwork, c. 1800.

THE STRANGE AND DANGEROUS VOYAGE OF CAPT. THOMAS JAMES

Edited and annotated by W. A. Kenyon. Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, 1975. 140 pages, illus. $5.95.

Reviewed by L. H. Neatby

Dr Kenyon gives us a most valuable and attractive reproduction of a splendid but little-read classic of the Canadian North. He has transposed the 1631-32 'Voyage' of Thomas James into modern speech and enriched it with an introduction describing the topography of James's wintering place on Charlton Island and furnishing a fair if somewhat inconclusive appraisal of the brave navigator himself.

Henry Hudson had proved that Hudson Bay existed in 1610-11. In the next two seasons Sir Thomas Button vainly probed along its western shore for the passage to Japan. In 1615 the superbly competent Baffin concluded that in all probability there was no such outlet from the bay. The 1619-20 voyage of Jens Munk did nothing to alter this conclusion. But the myth of the passage was not to be exploded for centuries. In 1631 the rude seaman, Luke Foxe of Hull, and the genteel adventurer, Thomas James of Bristol, sailed independently to renew the search in the bay.

Foxe, a veteran of the northern seas and with a crew recruited at the whaling seaport of Hull, covered as many sea miles within the bay in one season as James did in two, and came home in the same summer with ship and crew in perfect trim. James, a trained navigator, but as ignorant of ice navigation as the crew he had mustered, was continually in peril from ice and reefs. Unable to find a secure winter anchorage for his damaged ship he put into an open bight on Charlton Island in James Bay and there scuttled her in shallow water to ensure that she would not be swept away with the ice. The crew were housed on land and were all in greater or less degree disabled by scurvy. Though perhaps 'no seaman', as Foxe asserted, James was a first-class leader of men. He kept the spirits of his company up, sought out vetch and scurvy grass to restore their health and with the coming of spring led the limping invalids in the exhausting task of hacking ice out of the ship's hold and winching her into deep water. After a plucky attempt to renew the search he returned home.

James's social rank and his vivid narrative of his 'Voyage' won him a contemporary celebrity which was most unjustly denied the low-born and neglected Foxe. Posterity has inclined the other way by disparaging James as a blunderer and windbag. He is censured for refusing to ship any seamen with Arctic experiences. Bristol was not a whaling port; and any old whalers on her waterfront were apt to be dropouts from the fisheries, and James was right in rejecting their services. By enrolling known and trusty men he escaped the catastrophe which in a crisis similar to his, overtook Hudson off that same Charlton Island. Dr Kenyon justifies James's decision to scuttle his ship. As for the charge that he exaggerated the dangers of the ice, descriptive passages similar to his occur in the pages of his contemporary, Abacuck Pricket; of Sir George Black; and of that soberest of polar travellers, Dr Armstrong of the *Investigator*.

No doubt Foxe was the better pilot in icy seas, but that is hardly relevant today. Neither he nor James achieved much in the way of concrete discovery. But James has given us an outstanding piece of arctic literature. He himself was a most attractive character. A gentleman in a time when the title conferred acknowledged rank, he had a keen sense of the duties and responsibilities of his position. He was a Puritan before that creed had degenerated into cant and formalism. His was a living creed and his pious utterances seem neither hypocritical nor nauseating but lend an extra vividness to his text. If we are to have a Canadian nation we must have a Canadian legend, and to that, the book under review is a handsome contribution.

One regrets that the editor did not merely modernize his author's spelling and explain obsolete words in footnotes instead of re-writing the entire original text. But Dr Kenyon is no literary sadist. He does not, like the revisers of the English Bible, make his author as dull and void of emotion as an old almanac. His version is natural and lively. Nonetheless when we are at pains to preserve ancient Eskimo culture it seems illogical to do away with the quaint, picturesque, and perfectly intelligible diction of Jacobean England.

Maps are adequate and the plates, one of a contemporary ship and seven of scenes on Charlton Island, are first-rate.

English voyagers in Hudson Bay from 1610 to 1632 were the founders of Anglophone Canada. It is to be hoped that this book is only the first of a series bringing these seagoing patriarchs back to life.

Dr Neatby, retired professor of Classics, University of Saskatchewan, is author of 'The Search for Franklin' and other books on arctic exploration.

THE SALMON: THEIR FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL

By Anthony Netboy. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, U.S.A. 1974. 613 pages illus. $15.00

Reviewed by F. C. Withler

Professor Netboy has written the first book to provide a global view of the Atlantic and Pacific salmon. It is a must for devoted anglers, commercial fishermen and environmentalists. It will satisfy all of them – it is technically sound yet eminently readable.

Netboy traces the relationship between salmon and man from prehistoric times to the present. For example, he reaches back 17,000 years into the lives of Stone Age men who occupied the caves of Altamira and El Castillo in northern Spain, up through the occupation of that country by the Celts, Greeks, Phoenicians and finally the Romans. Inept and corrupt management in more recent times has reduced the Spanish salmon runs to a pittance.

The once-bountiful Rhine's tragic conversion from a producer of Europe's finest salmon into a river of sludge and brine, heated repeatedly down its course by nuclear and conventional power stations, is traced from before the Industrial Revolution. Man's inroads into the Scan-

dinavian salmon are less disastrous: the invasion of Norway's salmon waters by wealthy Britons after the Napoleonic Wars made the rivers famous throughout the world, and lucrative returns for private fishing privileges have made it worthwhile to protect them and their salmon stocks. Sweden has attempted, with some success, to have both hydroelectric power and salmon by mitigating the effects of damming with large-scale artificial propagation. Finnish stocks have suffered from logging and power development. Not much is known about the Russian stocks although they are believed to be maintained with some care. In the British Isles, the salmon have retreated to the northern English rivers, to Scotland and to the west and north coasts of Ireland, where the stocks are still fairly abundant.

Netboy traces the fate of North American Atlantic salmon from earliest colonial days to the present – in Canada from the time of the Vinlanders in Newfoundland and the French and Portuguese who fished the Grand Banks, and in the United States from the time of the earliest settlers who rapidly despoiled the salmon's environment in their urgency to develop the forest, mineral, and farming potentials of the New World. The salmon's present condition mirrors that in Europe. In the United States, Atlantic salmon are for all practical purposes extinct, while in eastern Canada, where industrialization has proceeded less rapidly, they are still in fairly healthy condition.

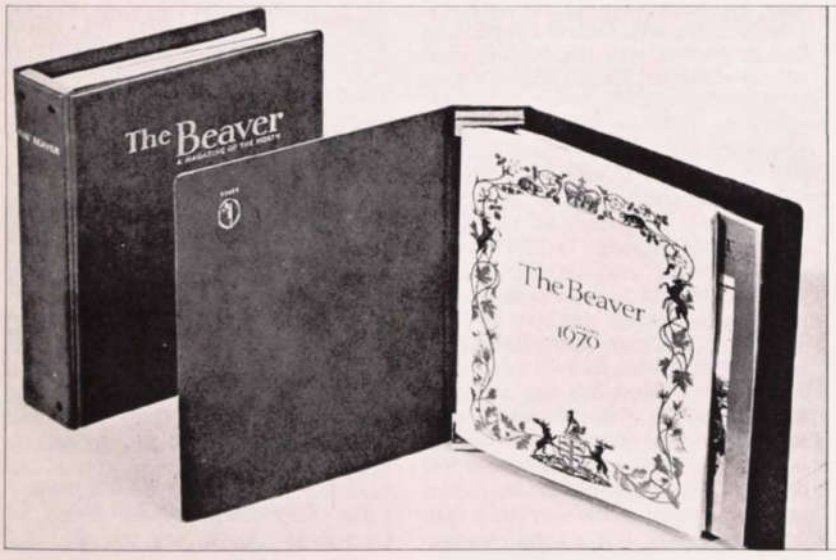
Pacific salmon are also in trouble. In the southern areas of their ranges on both the eastern and western shores of the Pacific (California, Oregon, Washington, Japan), diversion of major rivers for irrigation, damming of river flows for power generation, and pollution from domestic and industrial waste have devastated the natural stocks. The still numerous stocks are maintained largely by massive artificial propagation.

British Columbian, Alaskan, and Siberian salmon stocks to a large extent have been spared the despoiling of their freshwater habitat. But they are threatened in another way – harvesting on the high seas. The Japanese with thousands of miles of gillnet and surface longlines, fishing in the western Pacific and Bering Sea, take thousands of immature and maturing salmon in areas where the stocks are intermingled, making it impossible to regulate catches to meet reproduction needs. The negotiation of reasonable compromises between the countries whose rivers nurse the salmon and those whose fleets harvest them on the high seas provides one of the most difficult problems for international groups (such as the Law of the Sea conferences) to bring about equitable and rational exploitation of the world's marine resources.

Netboy contrasts the greed of the Europeans who colonized North America with the reverence with which the natives on both sides of the Pacific held the salmon. He gives detailed descriptions of the natives' 'first salmon ceremony' and the uses to which they put the inexhaustible salmon bounty. The first salmon ceremony of the Yurok of California is described. In Oregon the various tribes of the Chinook, Athabascan and Salishan Indians incorporated the phenomenon of the salmon's annual return into their religion and developed regulations and restrictions in fishing and handling them so as not to offend the salmon. Netboy reviews Drucker's thesis that the presence of salmon and other fish made considerable leisure time available to Canadian West Coast aborigines – food was so plentiful that time spent food gathering was minimal and there was time to develop highly structured and sophisticated societies exemplified by those of the Haidas, Salish, Nootkas and Tsimshians.

From early Russian accounts dating back to the 1600s, Netboy describes the life of various aboriginal Siberians for whom salmon was the staple food. The salmon skins in some cases even provided clothing. The methods and equipment used by the Siberian primitives were reflected in the habits of the Alaskan natives who probably brought them to North America.

For the angler who does not have the good fortune to live near salmon waters Netboy reviews the opportunites for salmon fishing in Europe and North America. For those who live some distance from the salmon-producing rivers or the sea, it is clearly not a poor man's sport. The



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evolution of angling from the need of the aboriginal and peasant for food into a pastime for the European aristocracy provides a colourful insight into a past way of life. There is also a chapter on fish cuisine from primitive to modern, of interest to the gourmet.

Not the least attractive feature of Netboy's presentation is his extensive bibliography. For the reader who wishes to delve more deeply into the interaction between man and the salmon over the centuries, it is a valuable key. Netboy presents man as an exploding animal species invading the world's natural waters and thus endangering its inhabitants. Since the Industrial Revolution, the record is a sorry one. That fact should not deter the reader from taking up this very fine book.

Mr Withler is a salmon research scientist at the Pacific Biological Station, Environment Canada, Nanaimo, B.C. Currently he is cross-breeding Pacific salmon to develop new strains of pink salmon for stocking barren rivers and to improve existing runs.

INDIAN PETROGLYPHS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

By Beth and Ray Hill. Hancock House, Saanichton, B.C., 1974. 314 pages, illus., maps. $19.95.

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

In this book, Beth and Ray Hill have presented us with as excellent an example of archaeological study and research as can be imagined. Many a professional archaeologist could do no better; few could do as well. It is something to be proud of.

Sixteen years is a long time to spend on one project, and the Pacific Northwest coast is a long stretch of beach and water. Their exhaustive search of the rock faces along this shore has revealed nearly a thousand petroglyphs and most, if not all of them, have been recorded by rubbings, photographs, and any other means necessary in particular situations.

Not only have the authors recorded these rock carvings, they have studied them carefully and noted features that seem to have escaped many previous investigators – such as the weeping eye, a widely distributed design.

Altogether apart from the mechanical recording and reproducing of the petroglyphs is the matter of explaining them. Why were they made, by whom, and when? We have only two explanations offered by the Indians themselves: one of these was clearly ceremonial; the other was mere doodling. Probably both were quite right.

The upper figure on page 104 seems to refer to the Spirit Canoe ceremony. Here the shamans knew when they had reached the land of the spirits because all the people walked with their feet crossed and, instead of speaking, communicated by whistling. In this figure, the crossing of the feet is exaggerated to emphasize the point, and the mouth does suggest whistling.

Apart from this we struggle in a morass of maybe, perhaps, possibly, might be, could be, and perchance. Some enthusiasts insist that a group of petroglyphs marks an Indian 'shrine', without first showing that they did indeed use shrines, or knew what a shrine was. Others see them as Indian graffiti, and the subject matter of some of them certainly does support this idea.

As to their age, there is a well-marked tendency to regard them as hundreds, even thousands, of years old. Rock weathers very slowly in our concept of time; in the geologist's mind, rock weathers very rapidly indeed. Variations in the hardness of the rock, the degree of its exposure to the elements and the action of the ocean waves, introduce so many unknown factors that accurate determination of age is quite impossible. In this reviewer's own experience pictographs recorded in the 1890s were completely obliterated in the 1950s. Pictographs, naturally, weather more rapidly than do petroglyphs, but a total obliteration in sixty-odd years does not suggest a life span of many hundreds.

In any case, we must repeat that this is a magnificent piece of recording and research. The bibliography is adequate, but one could wish for a fuller index.

Dr Leechman, now retired, former anthropologist with the National Museum, Ottawa, has written many papers and books on the Indians of Canada.

RICHARD HARRINGTON'S YUKON

By Richard Harrington. Alaska Northwest Publishing Company, Anchorage, 1974. 104 pp. illus. $7.95.

Reviewed by Richard Finnie

Richard Harrington's *Yukon* is photographic evidence of one man's love for a land – 277 beautiful colour photos capturing the Yukon in all its seasons and moods – from Watson Lake to Herschel Island.

'Canadian photographer-writer Richard Harrington and his wife, Lyn, have produced 20 books in as many years. This one, more than any other, expresses Harrington's special empathy with the Yukon's wilderness country, and genius for showing it in a new light – even to the people who live there!'

As a native Yukoner who has seen a lot of the territory at intervals since 1906, I subscribe to the above paragraphs printed on the back cover of this book, whose contents appeared almost completely in the December 1974 *Alaska Geographic*. As an admirer of Harrington's artistry, however, I regret that his colour photos – many of them drastically reduced in size – are crammed into relatively few pages between limp paper covers with a format of 8½ x 11 inches. This treatment was dictated by the publishers, presumably aiming at a mass market.

A hard-cover edition, even without additional pages, would have increased the cost of production, yet the flimsiness of the present edition,

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RICHARD HARRINGTON

The Porcupine herd of Barren Land Caribou is estimated at about 20,000. Here are a few of them on their migratory route through the Richardson Mountains in the Yukon.

with the outward aspect of a souvenir pamphlet, makes its price seem excessive.

This handicap notwithstanding, the book should enjoy a lively sale among Yukoners and tourists alike. (The Yukon has 20,000 permanent residents and, annually, some 300,000 visitors.) It deserves a place in classrooms, too, to help acquaint young Canadians with a vital and fascinating corner of their country.

Yukon has five pages of introductory text, including a reference map. The pictures that follow, all fairly recent, are regionally grouped, beginning with the Chilkoot Pass. (Not shown at all, strangely, is the adjacent spectacular and equally historic White Pass.)

Next come sections on Carcross, Tagish Lake, Whitehorse, Lake Laberge, the Yukon River, Fort Selkirk, Pelly River Farm, Dawson City, the Dempster Highway, Rampart House, Old Crow, Herschel Island, the Richardson Mountains, Elsa-Mayo, the Robert Campbell Highway, Faro and the Anvil Mine, the North Canol Road, the South Canol Road, the Alaska Highway, and Kluane National Park.

The pictures are varied, each one making a particular point. There is so little repetition that one example stands out. On page 92, two pictures illustrate the phenomenon of candle ice on the shore of Kluane Lake in spring; then, seven pages later, a third view of the same subject appears out of context.

The captions are concise and informative. The only conspicuous factual error was obviously accidental, where, on page 40, the Dempster Highway starts 26 miles 'west' of Dawson instead of east, though the correct location is given on the reference map.

In 1952 I learned about Harrington through his charming early book, *The Face of the Arctic*, which I reviewed for *The Beaver*. I encountered him in person for the first time twenty years later in Whitehorse. We met there again in June 1974, when I politely declined his invitation to share a tiny car for a week's picture-taking jaunt over back roads with sleeping bags and a few cans of beans.

On location with his cameras, he shuns such conveniences as motels and restaurants, preferring to eat basic fare by a roadside when hungry, and to sleep wherever fatigue overtakes him. His indifference to comfort is reflected in his photographs. A casual viewer may find them striking or pleasing without realizing that in order to shoot a substantial number of them, Harrington had to walk far, climb high, move fast, or wait hours or days for just the right moment — far beyond the stamina or patience of a less dedicated artist.

Richard Harrington's *Yukon* reveals in magnitude and in detail, with painstaking composition, more of the 207,000-square-mile territory than many a sourdough has ever seen. It is a pity that this presentation does not do full justice to Harrington's remarkable photographs.

Born in Dawson City, Richard Finnie is a veteran explorer, writer, lecturer, photographer and film-maker who has covered much of the Canadian North and other parts of the world.

COLOMBO'S CANADIAN QUOTATIONS

Edited by John Robert Colombo. Hurtig Publishers, Edmonton, 1974. 735 pp. $15.00.

Reviewed by Chester Duncan

I love quotations and all books of dark and witty sayings, but I was a bit disappointed at the quality of the materials of this huge book, though not really surpised. Some of the leanness, and some of the inanity of the quotations could be the fault of the editor's not digging hard enough or making mistakes of judgement and taste, but most of the trouble is not with our editors, but with ourselves, that we are groundlings. Language is not our métier, and even in our larger works it almost seems that we win through to imaginative statement and vision despite the difficulties of words that something prevents our making effortlessly our own.

These difficulties, of course, do not prevent a book such as this being a rich source of information and suggestion to the historian and sociologist and to the observer of Canadian manners. It does not matter to such persons when they discover that politicians or other VIPs can be dull as ditchwater or as bland as prairie – so long as they represent accurately the national character. Their lumbering jokes and their not-so-good *mots* are authentic. The humourless turgidities of the Canadian musician-of-some-importance are real. On the other hand the ordinary reader, the lover of language and hero-worshipper like me, longs for entertainment and stimulation, and if he does not mind letting a few pages go by each time that he finds a memorable remark, he will want to have this book. The number of good things adds up to something quite respectable in the end.

It is not always the true Canadians who help out. There may be some excuse (according to geographical if not indigenous principle) to have included Oscar Wilde's famous words – 'Niagara Falls must be the second major disappointment of American married life' – but to use Brendan Behan on critics ('Critics are like eunuchs in a harem: They know how it's done, they've seen it done every day, but they're unable to do it themselves') simply because this shallow and far-from-original aphorism was uttered in Toronto, seems to be stretching 'Canadian Quotations' a bit far. Farther than that, however, is an astonishing entry by Anaïs Nin. I was surprised to see her name here, particularly when she was discovered writing: 'Canada was a generous, warmhearted host.' But the reference turns out to be to the American Negro actor Canada Lee! Similarly crashing the party are Hector Berlioz, William Blake, and Madame Blavatsky. However, as a foreigner, Rupert Brooke has very interesting things to say about Canada.

American folklore, urban or rural, is full of arresting statements about sport, or by athletes on their own attitudes and achievements. Canada has the achievements all right, but only verbal accompaniments of banality generally not interesting enough to be naive. One can understand the emotion behind Marilyn Bell's 'I did it for Canada' but the statement itself does nothing. It is almost a baroque relief, then, to turn from this to one of the silliest remarks ever made about sport – the really-inspired-nonsense epiphany of Paul Henderson on scoring the winning goal against the Russians: 'When I scored that final goal, I finally realized what democracy was all about.' Perhaps more acceptable to the modern mind is the sharp cynicism of Scotty Bowman: 'Statistics are for losers'.

Lots of historical statements then – ancient and modern – though the ancient (19th and early 20th century) variety is usually as 'morally' insistent as Ralph Connor and just as pleasantly written. Only occasionally does it quiver with the excitement of the sinister and the monstrous. For instance, in dispensing a two-year sentence to a Chinese, the famous Edmonton judge C.B. Rouleau said 'If I really thought you were guilty, I would give you ten years.' An analogous note is struck by Al Plunkett of the 'Dumbells' Revue team of World War One: 'Some of the men we entertained at five o'clock were dead at seven-thirty.' This kind of toughness is very acceptable nowadays, amidst the sugary rhetoric of advertising, so that when Guy Lombardo says 'Corn is always green – like money' or F.R. Scott writes 'Newspapers are born free, and everywhere they are in chains' the spirit is suddenly freed by the recognition of candour. Who would have thought that Mazo de la Roche would have been capable of the fine 'Mon Dieu est ma Roche'? Or even that Hugh Garner could have so splendidly said 'An article is what *Maclean's* publishes: an essay is what *Maclean's* turns down and you later read in *Saturday Night*'?

Politicians, the prisoners of emphatic limitation and a language that has lost value during the inflation, fare less well here. As expected, Pierre Trudeau has a lot of interesting things to say, but no really scintillating or devastating things. The surprising thing is that Robert Stanfield, long the archetype of supposed slowness and dullness, emerges from this book with great wit and the charm of self-knowledge and deprecation. 'There's only one me, and I'm stuck with him' is something that restores a politician to the human race.

So the book grows on you the more you use it. Some adjustments in reputations occur as a result. All the pages devoted to Stephen Leacock 'protest a little' that he is our greatest wit, but there is plenty of proof that Bob Edwards (of the Calgary *Eye Opener*) is the inheritor of La Rochefoucauld: 'Never exaggerate your faults; your friends will attend to that.' 'Ceremony was invented by a wise man to keep fools at a distance.' On the other hand, Robertson Davies gets the best showing among the intellectuals, and we knew before that he had earned it.

Finally, I was a little frustrated that the quotations from some of my favorite Canadians – A.R.M. Lower, Arthur Phelps, Max Ferguson (one quotation), Norman Bethune, Paul Hiebert – are very slim both in number and quality. I would be glad to give up the one with which I am 'represented', for instance, to help the cause of true worth in the memorable speech of those who really matter. If we are not to be saved by our speech, then perhaps we shall indeed have to take seriously the words of the Blessed Virgin Mary heard by Lucia dos Santos in Fatima, Portugal, in 1917: 'Poor Canada!'

Musician and Composer Chester Duncan is with the Department of English, University of Manitoba. His book 'Wanna Fight, Kid?' was recently published by Queenston House, Winnipeg.

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